NAZI DYNAMICS by Toni Stolper

The Saturday Review of Literature

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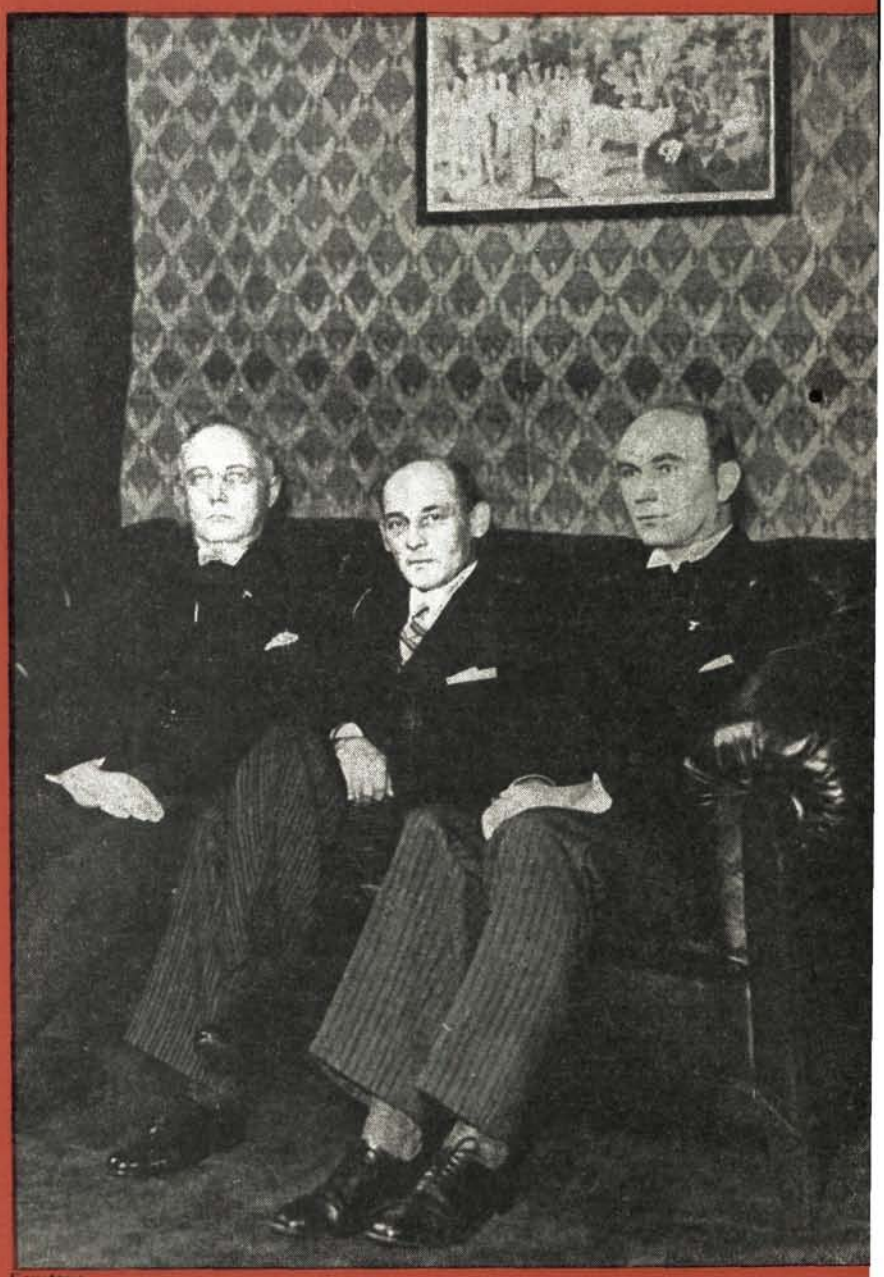

Keystone

HERMANN RAUSCHNING (left), president of the Danzig Senate from 1933 to 1935, and Vice-President Greiser, receiving a visit from Polish Minister Jendrzijewicz (center). "Perhaps one needs to be a National Socialist in order to grasp the full destructive menace of the movement" . . . *(See page 3)*

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NAZI DYNAMICS

BY TONI STOLPER

Danzig

WHOEVER looks at the international scene today with any inside knowledge of the dynamics of Hitlerism must be struck at every turn by the color-blindness that so long persisted in the Western world for things related to Germany. If it was possible in the present crisis for a highly esteemed American commentator to broadcast from London that Hitler's letter to Daladier of August 27th on the situation in Danzig was without doubt "the letter of a completely sincere and simple man"—then it seems high time for something effective to be done about public opinion. "The Revolution of Nihilism"* appears on the American book market at the precise moment when all its dire predictions seem to come true.

It is perhaps fortunate in a way that Rauschning—as he candidly admits in his book—had himself been a victim of this color-blindness well into the first years of the National Socialist regime. A large part of the book is an "apologia pro vita sua," a soul-searching explanation for the initial error which led him, a well-bred Prussian conservative, to fall into the snares of National Socialism. This personal apology is, of course, highly relevant to the public. Light still needed to be shed on the ever-puzzling question of how a nation with the German record of civilization could succumb to a gang of political pirates and, to all accepted standards, of personal criminals. And since Munich the question has to be repeated on a world scale: How could men like Chamberlain and Halifax after five years of Nazi rule glaringly illuminated by thousands of hard facts and revealing utterances give Hitler the broad margin of credit which led up to Munich and the destruction of Czechoslovakia?

Musing over this phenomenon of world-wide misunderstanding, including his own, Rauschning suggests, "Perhaps one needs to be a National Socialist in order to grasp the full destructive menace of the movement. There is no rational approach to its essential elements." But to be of value, the criticism of a renegade must give reasonable certainty of the purity of his motives. This reviewer has found no inflection in the whole tenor of the book which could make the reader suspect objectionable personal motives. There is a patriotic and a moral ground for Rauschning's defection from high rank in the inner circle of Nazidom and for his free choice of exile. With great forthrightness Rauschning confesses to what he has recognized as the beginning of the evil for himself and his class.

> Our toleration, even temporarily, even with suspended judgment, of invasions of right and humanity and of the inviolability of the person, was a mistake arising from fundamentally wrong conceptions of the nature of realistic politics. [These two last words, by the way, are this reviewer's translation of the German original. They point to one of the numerous passages where the otherwise clever and idiomatic translation of E. W. Dickes fails to catch the precise meaning of the intricate political "cant" rampant in post-war Germany. "Realpolitik" cannot by any stretch of the term be taken to mean "National Socialist realism." "Realpolitik" is a word frequently dangled before the minds of decent unpolitical Germans to teach them that politics should not be hampered by private moral concepts.]

This puts Rauschning's criticism on the same secure ground as that other recent work of American literature which has contributed so much to open unseeing eyes to the German realities: Nora Waln's simple diary of a candid Christian.

But the task before Rauschning is a harder one than to find a moral condemnation for the German system. He sets out to show that the path of the National Socialist movement, if not intercepted, must of necessity lead to the moral and physical disintegration of the German nation and, later, of Western civilization. In the first two-thirds of the book Rauschning endeavors to convey to the reader his picture of Germany's internal situation. The result would have been vastly more enlightening if the book had originally been written for a non-German public. As it is, the version now before us is the first German edition cut down to about half its length. Many interesting and revealing passages had to go by the board. But what remains would certainly be of sufficient length to convey all the author's meaning— if only a German so deeply involved in the abstruse and antirational political thinking of the last German epoch had the power of speaking clearly to the world outside. The intellectual chasm which has been suffered to develop between Germany and the West makes these first parts

Next Week

DEFOE
By LOUIS KRONENBERGER

ARTHUR RIMBAUD
By ENID STARKIE
Reviewed by Ernest Boyd

**THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM. WARNING TO THE WEST. By Hermann Rauschning. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1939. 300 pp. $3.*

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of Rauschning's book hard going for average American reader. I suppose that the close contacts which the author has formed with the non-German world since his emigration may growingly enable him to formulate in terms of Western political diction the important message he has to give.

It may surprise the reader that this message seems to pass by all points of the usual criticism of Nazism. Neither the Jew-baiting, nor the terror perpetrated in concentration camps and by the Gestapo, nor the alleged reactionary, procapitalistic function which Marxists still try to pin on National Socialism, is at the center of Rauschning's criticism. He does not, however, evade any one of these points. The simple sentence, "No believing Christian and no humane-minded person can be an anti-Semite" very tersely defines his own position. And he goes on to state that the destruction of German Jewry is only one element in the destruction of Christianity, at which he sees the present German developments aimed. But it becomes clear from the book, what unfortunately has been so much obscured by the horror the Jewish refugee problem has raised in the world, that National Socialism would offer just as much of an international problem if by some feat of the imagination this whole Jewish chapter could be eliminated. Likewise the reader will find no "atrocity stories." From his all too intimate knowledge Rauschning only hints at the vile practices of terrorism which the youths of Germany are now required to perpetrate as a technique of every-day politics. But he forbids himself to delve into any details. The Marxist version which would make the world believe that Nazism was invented and fostered by the big capitalists of Germany to shield themselves and the world from communism is very strikingly exposed as the silly but vastly successful political maneuver which did so much to keep up a fundamental misunderstanding of realities until these very last days when it has finally been exploded by the Nazi-Soviet Pact.

Rauschning's message is to explain Germany's transition from an apparently conservative and consolidated member of Western civilization to a force fundamentally destructive of this civilization itself. Again the average of informed American readers may be puzzled by the little space accorded in this connection to the Versailles Treaty as an explanation of the change that has come over Germany. Rightly, Rauschning goes back behind the World War period to find the roots of this evolution. This review cannot attempt to summarize the ideas developed by the author. But one of his central conceptions is that the religious veneration accorded to the State by the Prussian builders of the modern German Reich has been deeply perverted by National Socialism. From being an integration of patriotic and self-denying citizens under a Christian monarch, the State under Hitler's dictatorship has become a marvelously functioning machine which by its very perfection in the hands of the one and only leader is rapidly being drained of all creative vitality. Hitler's human "apparatus" presupposes humans deprived of every creed and will except that of crude domination and perpetual movement. In a compelling analysis Rauschning shows how the National Socialist elite in its evolution must inevitably drop one by one all the trappings of ideas and ideologies, not excepting that of Nationalism, by which it snared the naive German individuals and masses into bearing this self-styled elite up to the seats of power. After breaking every traditional bond and tie with Christianity and Western moral civilization, they are, to the exhaustion of all mental and physical faculties of the nation, driven further on the path to power idolatry and perpetual dynamism.

> They see life's meaning in its perils, life's purpose as domination, the means as violence, and the goal as the world-wide totalitarian empire.

In this pursuit all sentiments disappear, all the words expressive of sentiments lose every meaning except that of unscrupulous propaganda. It is this moral vacuum that Rauschning discloses by his term of "Nihilism."

What has given these anti-Western elements, always dormant inside the German nation, their fatal ascendancy? This is where the effects of the World War come in. Four and a half years of superhuman efforts of a blockaded nation have shown what a perfect state machine can achieve even under the most unfavorable conditions. For the militant part of the nation dreaming in these four and a half years of complete victory and rich conquest, the ultimate defeat did nothing but sharpen the determination to do better the next time. By a feat of the "idealistic" German mind the hatred against the victorious enemies of the World War was transformed into a hatred and contempt not for England and France so much as for liberalism and individualism in all their philosophic implications. In order to feed the vitalizing superiority complex with which the nationalistic "elite" imbued themselves and large sections of the German masses, the victorious nations in the West were made objects of derision and contempt. The actual hate was exercised not on these nations themselves but on the "system of Weimar" and on the Jews at home who, by another feat of the Nazi intellect, became symbols of this decaying West. It was so easy to destroy the Republic and the well-to-do, happy, and progressive German Jewry. It would be in due time as easy to destroy the saturated and easy-going democracies of the West.

This leads to the last third of Rauschning's book which, I feel sure, will command the greatest interest with the American reading public. Whereas the intricacies of the inner situation of Germany and of the working of the German mind demand a great deal of effort on the part of the reader, these chapters on Nazi foreign politics must fascinate everyone by their actuality and the directness with which they lead right into the center of today's international events. The prophetic messages written more than a year ago about the coming spectacular turn in German foreign politics from the anti-comintern front towards a German-Soviet alliance has been widely publicized here in the last days by Dorothy Thompson's column. The whole trend of Rauschning's argument, spiced with revealing quotations from intimate talks of the author with the leading personages themselves, ought to be required reading these days. To the text as published in the first half of 1938 the author has added in this edition about fifteen pages to follow up events until after the destruction of Czechoslovakia. Although inaccessible to readers in Germany and Austria, the original German edition published in Switzerland was rapidly followed by ever renewed editions. After a few weeks the volume could be found in well annotated copies on the desks of high European diplomats. Some important part may thus be attributed to it in forming the present stronger attitude of the despised Western nations. The American public has every reason in its turn not to forego the rich source of understanding for the Germany of today here presented to it.

Mrs. Stolper worked for some time in the Austrian ministry of commerce, and later as an editorial associate on two journals edited by her husband, the Oesterreiche Volkswirt *and the* Deutsche Volkswirt. *She has been in the United States since 1933.*

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In the Midst of Death

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN. By Dalton Trumbo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1939. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is one of the most horrifying books ever written. Reading it on The Chief, between Chicago and the Coast, I found myself putting it down time and again to look out for comfort over the rich fields of Missouri, the high mesas of New Mexico, and the inhuman waste of the Mojave; putting it down, not because I was bored, but because the tale was more than mind and stomach could endure without occasional respite and refreshment.

You have heard of the "basket cases" that are a byproduct of war. Perhaps you have seen one, and if you have you have almost certainly asked yourself, as you looked at the armless, legless object: What is it thinking and feeling? How can it go on living? The obvious answer to the second question is that a basket case has no power of self-destruction. The answer to the first question is the story of "Johnny Got His Gun."

Joe Bonham, who went from Shale City, Colorado, by way of Los Angeles, to a war that he did not understand to fight men with whom he had no quarrel, came out of the war not only armless and legless but deaf and dumb and blind, and there was only a hole where his eyes and nose and mouth had been; a gaping hole covered by a mask. But he was alive. He could think and he could feel. He could remember the days when he had been complete, he could still feel movement in the limbs that he had lost, could still respond to the keen messages of the senses that were no longer his. He was more helpless than any slave had ever been; as helpless as a man in a coffin with the lid screwed down, as helpless as a child in the womb. But he was alive. He was a living dead man—a triumph of the surgeon's art.

The remnant of the man that had been Joe Bonham rose gradually, as through a dark pool, to the surface of consciousness. His first realization was that he was alive, the second that he was deaf. Then he knew that his left arm was gone; then he missed his right. A little later he discovered that he had no legs, and almost immediately afterward that he had no face.

> He threw back his head and started to yell from fright. But he only started because he had no mouth to yell with. He was so surprised at not yelling when he tried that he began to work his jaws like a man who has found something interesting and wants to test it. He was so sure the idea of no mouth was a dream that he could investigate it calmly. He tried to work his jaws and he had no jaws. He tried to run his tongue around the inside of his teeth and over the roof of his mouth as if he were chasing a raspberry seed. But he didn't have any tongue and he hadn't any teeth. There was no roof to his mouth and there was no mouth. He tried to swallow but he couldn't because he had no palate and there weren't any muscles left to swallow with.

Interwoven with his realization of his present condition was his memory of the past—the night with Karen before he went to war; fishing trips with his father; the pleasant, modest home in Shale City; his first calf-love and the agony of boyish disillusionment; his father's death; the Los Angeles bakery where he worked as a night bread wrapper—and, as Dalton Trumbo writes the tale, the poignancy of the one matches and complements the poignancy of the other.

Earnest A. Bachrach

Dalton Trumbo

Joe Bonham awoke to a timeless world, and his first need was to recapture time. "If you can keep track of time you can get a hold on yourself and keep yourself in the world but if you lose it why then you are lost too. The last thing that ties in with other people is gone and you are all alone." The description of how this man carried out his "idea of trapping time and getting himself back into the world" is one of the most moving chapters of his history; no reader can fail to share in the urgency and agony of his quest. But still more moving is the account of his frantic but persistent efforts to establish communication with the outside world. And when he was at last successful—but such things are not told well at second-hand.

To say that this book is a terrific indictment of war is to employ a phrase that has been robbed of its proper weight of meaning by careless and promiscuous use. Yet the phrase must serve. To insist that this book should be required reading for all men big and little, for those who are capable of making wars and for those likely to be herded into them, is to betray an innocent and mistaken faith in the power of the printed word. Yet one must insist, even though one knows that there are some indictments that simply will not stick, and that war has survived them, and doubtless will survive them, beyond numbering. It is possible to insist conscientiously, too, on more grounds than one, for "Johnny Got His Gun" is not merely a powerful anti-war document; it is also a powerful and brilliant work of the imagination. In giving voice to a human experience that has hitherto been voiceless, Mr. Trumbo has written a book that can never be forgotten by anyone who ever reads it.

Career in Revolution

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD. By Nicholas Kalashnikoff. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. 717 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

AS one proceeds in this deeply impressive novel it is tempting, and a bit distracting, to try to discover where autobiography ends and fiction begins. There is a precision as to dates, places, and intimate impressions, as well as a warmth of emotion for casual characters not essential to the main narrative, which earmark the volume as autobiography. In broad outline, moreover, the story of the hero, Sergei Kuskov, as he tells it in the first person, coincides with the career of Nicholas Kalashnikoff, as revealed on the jacket by the publishers. Like his hero, the author is a Siberian who grew up in the revolutionary movement, engaged in terrorist activities, lived the life of a political exile in the Siberian Arctic, fought in the World War, and fled abroad, ultimately to the United States, after the collapse of the anti-Bolshevik campaigns in the Russian Far East. This first novel, I am told, was written in English—a remarkable achievement for a man who has been in America less than a decade.

Whatever the proportions of fact and fiction in the chronicle of Sergei Kuskov, revolutionist, Russian patriot, and human being, "They that Take the Sword" is meticulously authentic in its background. It presents the history of Russia from the turn of the century to the end of the post-revolutionary civil wars with a scholarly respect for

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the documented facts. Inevitably the depiction of the background recalls the technique of Tolstoy in "War and Peace."

Kuskov belonged to the Social Revolutionary Party and reached his maturity as the 1905 revolution exploded and fizzled. From Irkutsk in Siberia he went to Moscow and St. Petersburg to join terrorist brigades. Though he lived an exceptionally rich personal life, it was always subordinated to the political life of his country. He was a political person in an intimate and fatalistic sense unfamiliar to the ordinary Western mind. Even in his most personal emotional experiences—such as his great love affairs—he remained integral with the social forces at work in his country. The enthusiasms for saving "the people," the doubts that tortured him as he used the weapons of terror, were the enthusiasms and the doubts of his whole revolutionary generation.

The curious blend of "scientific" thought and religious mysticism that characterized the revolutionary movements in Czarist Russia had little in common with the spirit of socialist movements outside Russia in the same period. Only by recognizing that difference do we come closer to understanding the Russian Revolution and its tragic course. Where but in Russia could a love affair such as the hero's and Emma's take place?

> We spent a great share of every day together, and at meeting and parting we kissed—but our kisses were those a brother and sister might exchange. . . . We were among those elected to die for the ideal of social justice, and we would not mar our final triumph by sinning even in fancy. . . . To love Emma was solace, but it would have been sacrilege to possess her. . . .

These mystical dedications, these renunciations of the flesh, while fashioning bombs to blow up "condemned" servants of the Tsar!

To this reviewer and to others who happen to be keenly interested in the historical conditioning of present-day Russia, Mr. Kalashnikoff's novel is especially fascinating as dramatized history. But for the average reader it will be no less absorbing as a rich and crowded human narrative, peopled with vivid and unusual characters.

As autobiography, as history, as a novel, "They that Take the Sword" is a powerful book—one of those rare novels that becomes a part of the reader's private experience, a permanent acquisition. Especially today, when another war is under way, when Russia's relation to that war is as enigmatic as things Russian have ever been to outsiders, this restrained, panoramic novel by a brilliant Russian-American should win wide attention.

Wilderness Hero

DANIEL BOONE: MASTER OF THE WILDERNESS. By John Bakeless. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1939. 480 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS book accomplishes a much-needed task; exhausting the sources on Boone's career, it corrects and amplifies all previous records, and offers as nearly definitive a life of the wilderness hero as can be produced in 1939. It is remarkable how much Mr. Bakeless's story freshens and amplifies even Reuben Gold Thwaites's book on Boone. It is unlikely that future writers will find much to add to the record here given. The author has traveled all over the states touched by Boone's activities, ransacked libraries from North Carolina to Wisconsin, corresponded widely, and combed all the manuscripts he could find. He is able to write that "much of the material appears in print for the first time; fully half of it has never appeared anywhere except in valuable but obscure local historical journals of strictly limited circulation; and the entire story of Boone's life is here first presented with complete documentation."

Daniel Boone—portrait by Audubon, apparently painted from memory.

It is a story worth telling so conscientiously and exhaustively. Boone was never great as an explorer; he revealed no rich new lands or natural highways to the world. He was not great because he was "master of the wilderness"; there were hundreds of other backwoodsmen who were equally or almost equally its masters. His distinction was that he was the first English-speaking leader to guide a body of settlers across the mountains and establish in the trans-Allegheny West a community which survived hardships, disease, and Indian peril, and finally flourished. Fitly and properly, the first legislature ever to assemble beyond the Alleghenies met in a hamlet called Boonesboro—met while the British flag still waved over the colonies. He gained his leadership not merely because he was tremendously daring, and extraordinarily proficient in woodcraft, but because he had the character which made his bravery and skill useful to others. He inspired confidence.

Mr. Bakeless has told the story in a way which brings out its full significance. He shows that Boone, like so many Westerners, had a passion not only for hunting and exploring, but for land. In fact, when Henderson followed Boone's advance party into Kentucky in the spring of 1775, he was deeply disappointed by the camp Boone had established. The pioneer and his companions, smitten with land greed, had neglected their proper duties to survey tracts and establish personal claims before Henderson came up! Mr. Bakeless sets Boone in his proper place in the general pattern of land-searching and land-grabbing. He follows with sure tread Boone's course during the Revolution. It was a course which led to suspicion that Boone, who had as good a right to be a Loyalist as anybody, had meditated joining the British forces under Hamilton; but the author shows how completely baseless that suspicion was. The old tale of the Indian sieges and fights is told with new color. Finally, Mr. Bakeless elucidates the rather intricate and shabby story of the dispossession of Boone from his many claims to Kentucky land. If anyone deserved large holdings in that territory, it was he. But the lawyers were too much for him, and he retired to Missouri acreless, debt-ridden, and embittered. The story of his gallant resolution to pay off his debts, and of his relief when, nearing his grave, he was at last free, is not too familiar to be a moving part of the biography.

To Boone's character the author does fair justice, though it cannot be said that he brings much subtlety or insight to the analysis. The pioneer was thoughtful, quiet, patient, self-controlled; resolute in adversity, modest in good fortune, genial to friends, forgiving to enemies; full of natural integrity, and absolutely self-reliant. He had enough humor to enjoy the misleading legend of his aversion to society. One sentence he uttered in old age is memorable. To a curious inquirer he dryly responded: "No, I can't

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say as ever I was lost, but once I was *bewildered* for three days." Altogether, he was a fine person, worthy of his English Quaker ancestry; and he deserved the fame which has made him the typical pioneer hunter of the East.

Mr. Bakeless has told his story with pace, economy, and a clear eye to proportion. It makes an engrossing and illuminating book. It was worthy of a literary polish which he has failed to give it, but that defect does not weigh heavily against its merits.

Humanizing the World's News

LET THE RECORD SPEAK. By Dorothy Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 408 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

THE writings of the new order of political and world "commentators" are difficult to judge, if for no other reason than that the commentators themselves are persons of split interests and aims. From straight reporting to "analyzing and interpreting" the news is one step, from that to becoming a prophet for some particular form of political ideology is a less discernible but apparently inevitable move.

Dorothy Thompson is a case in point, as shown by an analysis of her current book, "Let the Record Speak." It is not easy to judge her work accurately, for it is not always easy to place Miss Thompson's own political position at any given moment. She is at her best when humanizing—or, as some would have it, emotionalizing—the world's news.

From the beginning she called the turn on the danger of Hitler's growing power; she was passionately bitter over the various policies of appeasement that aided the Fascists in their rise. In her collected columns from the *Herald-Tribune* the threats to world peace inherent in that rise are vigorously driven home. As a dramatic, running account of the Nazi advance, the volume is a major *tour de force*. It is when Miss Thompson ceases to be a humanizer of world events, and becomes instead a prophet of a new world order that her work, in this reader's opinion, loses considerable of its value. There is no questioning Miss Thompson's sincere and ardent desire for world peace, nor the accuracy of many of her comments on events leading up to the present European conflict. But there is a serious objection to her thesis that the United States should take an immediate and active hand in the struggle for "democracy" in Europe. It is high

John Mills, Jr.

Dorothy Thompson

idealism to insist on fighting for world peace, but it takes more than a victorious war to assure that peace.

Miss Thompson has let the record speak for itself in the rise of fascism from 1936 to date. Undeniably it was an ugly menace to what we know as civilization. Unfortunately, however, the elimination of fascism will not assure world peace, nor even European peace. One must go further back in history to discover the underlying causes for recurring conflicts in Europe. Chief of those causes is that Europe is not concerned with a democratic peace as we in the United States understand it, but rather with an endless struggle for power. In that struggle for balance of power, democratic ideals take a second place.

Miss Thompson insists that the United States cannot safely remain isolated from any European struggle —that we cannot safely shirk our "responsibility" of doing everything possible to maintain world order. Otherwise, she prophesies, our foreign trade will seriously diminish, and we will further be in danger of becoming a second-rate power. Yet, at the same time, she also insists that a peaceful and prosperous world is only possible with a free exchange of goods and services.

It is when she presents such views that it becomes necessary to draw a sharp line between Dorothy Thompson, the reporter, and Dorothy Thompson, the highly emotional publicist of a present day brand of "make the world safe for democracy" goods. The latter is only too strongly reminiscent of the hysteria that proved so costly to us a quarter of a century ago.

It is unfortunate that Miss Thompson was not content to let the record again speak for itself in the matter of American intervention in European conflicts.

Time Is a Shadow

BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER! By Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 894 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS volume of nearly nine hundred pages includes a first part of over one hundred, called "Dream and Imagination," which is in the distinguished and beautiful prose of Walter de la Mare, the poet of our day whose work is most dreamlike. The remainder of the book may loosely be called an anthology of poetry and prose, with various sections illustrating the title-page's subtitle that reads: "Of Reverie, Night, Sleep, Dream. Love-Dreams, Nightmare, Death, the Unconscious, the Imagination, Divination, the Artist, and Kindred Subjects."

Mr. de la Mare's collections are like those of no other living writer and anthologist. In his initial disquisition, he tells how he has searched many books with the intention of suggesting rather than demonstrating, and of presenting "ideas and sentiments either in accord or conflict." He discusses the part that dream plays in our lives, that "punctual magpie serial," wherein are seen at work "two collaborators so unalike in style, so much at odds regarding form and matter and method, so various in their shocking disregard of our tastes and ideals." He delves, moreover, into the mystery of sleep and of personal experiences and dreams; touches upon the strangeness of the inward eye, and of hallucination and the world of day-dream. Not the least fascinating part of his discourse is the description of his own dreams; and he does not neglect reference to the modern scientific attempts at dream interpretation. As for his anthology, the material is drawn from sources as diverse as Rabelais, Blake, and Shelley, Fabre and Thomas Carlyle, Coventry Patmore and Aldous Huxley. He gives us Robert Burton and Montaigne, Shakespeare and Coleridge and Donne and Vaughan—but also Chekov and Havelock Ellis, and as recent a young English poet as C. Day Lewis. The book is assembled with the fervor of an artist and presents the more intangible side of life in the art of writing as only one of the most subtle and sensitive natures of our time could present it. There is no prettification or empty mysticism about it, though there is rich speculation. At this particular time of overpowering world events such a book preserves for us the rarest imaginations of mankind. It is to be welcomed as a wellspring of true literature.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Ask Me Another

A FACULTY friend has passed along to us several examination papers given in the summer school of a large university, suggesting that they might appeal to any one who likes parlor games and "Information, Please!" The suggestion is startingly apt. Students in a drama course (which, we are embarrassed to say, we should probably have flunked) are required to identify twenty-four out of twenty-nine names and phrases, including "Ecrasez l'Infâme," Jeremy Collier, Neander, "The Whirlwind in Petticoats," "The Cingalese Prince," Jules Janin, and The Stagirite. (We got the Stagirite.) There follow three more conventionally academic questions, such as describing the attitude to Shakespeare of critics like Ben Jonson, Voltaire, Lessing, and Coleridge; then the fun begins again with a who-said-it question, in which the authors of six short passages are to be identified. Guess who said, "Genius laughs away all the boundary lines of criticism." Or who said, "I am not one of those who, when they see the sun breaking from behind a cloud, stop to ask others whether it is the moon. . . . My opinions have sometimes been called singular: they are merely sincere." We could have done better with the exam on the modern novel, though even here one of the questions would have floored us: "Describe the person sitting next to you in this examination room according to what you believe to be the methods of the novelist whom you chose for special study. Before doing so, name the novelist." Perhaps the best comment on these examinations is in one of the unidentified speeches in the drama quiz, question 5, item 4: "I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound."

Subject to Change

BY an unfortunate coincidence, the League of American Writers published in August the proceedings of its third congress, issued with a news release calling particular attention to one sentence in the League's "Statement of Policy": "Common sense compels us to acknowledge the value of the Soviet Union as a factor for peace, and as writers we cannot ignore the power and contribution of its living literature." (No argument on the second half of the sentence; it was the first half which the news release pointed out.) Now at the time of the League Congress in June, even those who disagreed with the League's statement were unlikely to question its sincerity. It might be naive, but it was not disingenuous; and if it had been published at the time of the congress in June, everybody would have forgotten all about it. As it is, the League is left conspicuously holding a corner of the bag.

There is nothing to prevent them from dropping it, however. A further statement in contradiction of the League's previously expressed opinion of the Soviet Union as "a factor for peace" could be made as the correction of an honest mistake in judgment. To let it stand is to impress upon those of us who have never shared the League's touching faith the conviction that its eminent members take pleasure in being played for suckers. It could not have turned out to be more absurd if the League *Bulletin* had said, "After all, Hitler *has* done a lot for Germany," or "After all, Mussolini *did* make the trains run on time."

Harvest 1939

BY GEORGE FOX HORNE

WE'LL harvest early this year
In the deep green Summer,
Before the moon is golden
Over the sandy Cimarron.
Dust rises in a misty gloom
Over the Han's dry banks
And soon we'll clog the ditches
With the sapless hewn limbs;
Endless feet are marching
On Merseyside and Po
And down the Yellow River
And Tientsin's hedges
We'll trim down the almonds.
Garner the browning fruit.

It's early for the harvest
But the harvest is here,
The bitter men are coming
And the reaping blades are clear;
Fruit will fall at Cheling Pass
And grain at Marco Polo Bridge,
And fine young men at Charing Cross,
And tired old men at Rolling Ridge.

In August time, long before
The blown wheat leans against the blade,
Where the light rises over Kobe's yards
And the little fires of Bayonne glimmer still;
On Red Dog Lake and Misquah Hill
In the dog days of August, sultry time,
Before the dry stalks wither,
Rustling in their little mounds;
Before the October moon
Swings its saffron arc,
And the silky shocks of a cool evening
Lay shadows among the brown melons;
Long, O long before,
The harvest will begin.

We'll reap the long-limbed lads
And the girls of yellow hair,
The farmers at the market with their corn
And the children at the fair.

Cut them down, they grow to weed;
They are like Johnson grass
In North Texas,
Jimsonweed, purple thistle,
And the wild sumac of the eastern shore.
Off Jackson Hole, Wyoming,
The brown barren Tetons
Never bear anything;
But the rich valleys and long mesa lands
Are ready for the harvest.
On the Isar and the Main
And the once-gentle Rhine
The lieder all are stilled,
The sowers pale and weary.
They who know harvest are ready for the sickle.
How rich the earth will be!
The long furrow deep
And the meadow grass green again.
Where the fruit falls
There will be loam and mellow clay.

The corn-tassel girls will lie
With their passionless lads in the sun,
And the gaunt old men return to the earth,
Their labor forever done.

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Letters to the Editor: *"Pygmalion" and "Peregrine Pickle"*

Sciolism

SIR:—My everlasting thanks to *The Saturday Review* and those noble souls who answered my cry for help. Of course, the word *is* sciolism. George Lyon's *megalopansophism* is a honey of a synonym, and I'll take him up on the ninety-eight cent bargain of *magnascientiasciolism* if he'll sell it on a subscription basis, one syllable a week.

ISABELLE T. LINDSAY.
Beverly Hills, Cal.

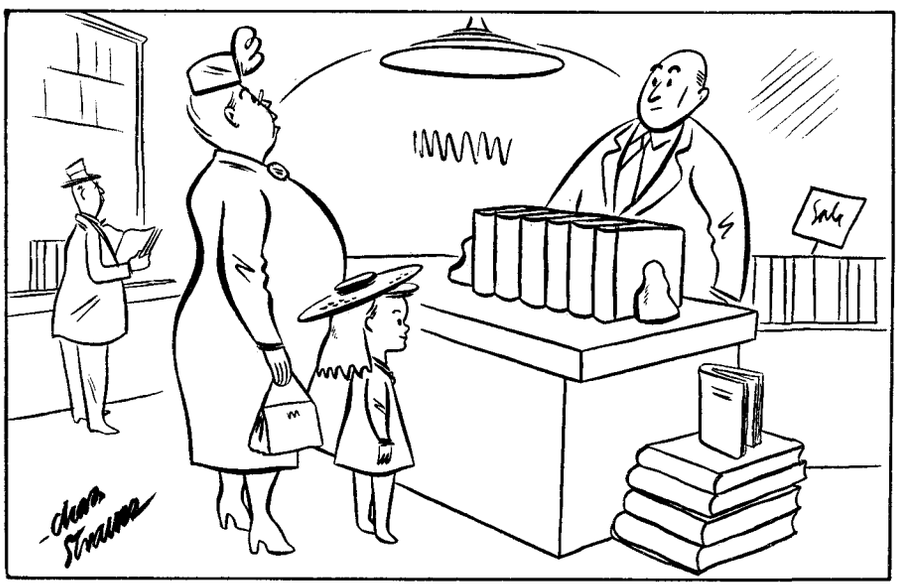
Forerunner of Eliza Doolittle

SIR:—"Pygmalion," thanks to the moving picture version, has probably never been so widely known as it is at present. Shaw, in the title, acknowledges his debt to the Greek myth. In the Preface he pays tribute to Henry Sweet, the great phonetician, who serves as the model for Henry Higgins. He makes no mention of "Peregrine Pickle," and, I suspect, even the most devoted admirers of that less familiar masterpiece will see little occasion for mentioning it here. Yet Chapter 87 of "Peregrine Pickle" recounts the adventures of a common girl metamorphosed into a lady so like Eliza Doolittle's career in "Pygmalion" that the resemblances seem hardly to be explained away by accident.

"Peregrine Pickle," at the close of Chapter 86, in prescribed romantic manner (and here he differs from Shaw's Henry Higgins) swears a vow to seek consolation for the cruelty of his lady by picking up the first willing wench on the road. Very opportunely at the beginning of 87 he spies a beggar girl, accosts her, and buys her from her mother for a trifling sum —a detail recalling Higgins's purchase of Eliza from the dustman. The acquisition is sent home on horseback behind a servant who has on the way a taste of her tongue. Once at home she is thoroughly scrubbed and her clothes burned, a process to which she does not submit without protest and during which she applies her fingernails effectively to the face of her bather. Nevertheless, the improvement in her appearance is such that it suggests a project to Peregrine, who, among other things, is a student of human nature with a theory:

> —that the conversation of those who are dignified with the appellation of polite company is neither more edifying nor entertaining than that which is met with among the lower classes of mankind; and that the only essential difference, in point of demeanour, is the form of an education, which the meanest capacity can acquire without much study or application.

—a theory which, save for the lack of emphasis on study and application, might well have originated with Henry Higgins.



"We'd like a copy of Samuel Goldwyn's 'Wizard of Oz'."

This he sets out to prove by teaching his young woman to quote passages from the poets with due expressiveness—aptness is a secondary consideration—, to hum snatches of opera tunes, and to refer carelessly to the names of famous players. Since, like Eliza, she is both docile and retentive, he succeeds beyond expectation, although there is one obstacle, again reminiscent of Eliza, "in the surmounting of which he found the greatest difficulty—an inveterate habit of swearing which had been indulged in from her infancy."

Swearing aside, her progress is so rapid that Peregrine soon introduces her as a lady to his masculine acquaintances and then, the more difficult test, to her own sex, both of which ordeals she surmounts impeccably as the result of obeying his instructions to speak little but to laugh at appropriate intervals. Emboldened by these preliminary successes, he takes her up to London, where after a round of theaters and concert halls, she makes her debut in society. Here too the deception passes not only undiscovered but applauded—until a fatal evening when she catches a great lady cheating at cards and in the ensuing hurl of insults loses her self-control, bursting open "the floodgates of her own natural repartee twanging off with the appellation of b - - - and w - - - " accompanied by the coarsest of gestures.

This, of course, closes her London season. She and Peregrine are cast out in disgrace. About this point, with the fraud on society perpetrated, Smollett and Peregrine both seem to lose interest in their protégée and to cast about for a method of disposing of her, hitting curiously enough on precisely that suggested by Shaw in the Epilogue to "Pygmalion," for just as Eliza finally marries Freddy and is set up in a flower shop by Colonel Pickering, so Smollett's young woman elopes with her French instructor and is established by the relieved Pickle in a coffee shop, where her accomplishments and her husband's acquaintances should be an asset.

That is the end of her story, a story which I have recounted in some detail in order to emphasize its resemblances to Shaw's play. Indeed, given the alterations required by the substitution of Sweet for Peregrine and the influence of the Greek artist who created his ideal woman, we have a rather complete skeleton for the plot of "Pygmalion." This, however, reflects no more on the originality of Shaw than the knowledge of an earlier "Hamlet" does on that of Shakespeare, for this is no more than a skeleton. Smollett is interested in a joke on society, not in the difficulties of creation with living clay. His wench is not so much as graced by a name, and, save for her torrent of abuse to the amorous servant and her behavior under scrubbing, she remains a puppet who never goes into action. Nor does Smollett concern himself with her psychological sufferings, never, in fact, seeming to suspect she could have any. He merely recounts her adventures. It is Shaw who sees the human and social problems implicit in this brief, neglected chapter, Shaw who makes a sensitive person where Smollett left a nameless vagrant, Shaw again who suggests that a lady may be more helpless and more useless than a flower girl, and lastly Shaw who thrusts sharper and deeper into the pretensions of polite society.

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Profile of a Mystery Writer

BY JANE SHORE

Leslie Ford

WRITING detective stories—according to Miss Leslie Ford, who ought to know—is a simple and ingenuous art, without tricks, subterfuges, or secrets. The first and hardest thing to do is to begin. It takes Leslie Ford up to three months, depending on how she feels. In any case it is always well after the book was promised for delivery. She then shuts herself up and writes from no words a day to twelve thousand words a day, also depending on how she feels, until she has written the story . . . no parties, engagements, callers, or telephone messages. At the end of each day she calls her husband in to read. Her manuscript is scrawled on cheap paper with poor ink and no punctuation, but in the course of some years he has become competent at making it out. He says, with iron courage, "Frankly, it is putrid." One of those quiet heroisms of private life. Making no attempt to conceal mortification and wrath, Leslie Ford writes it over. "This," he says with false cheerfulness, "is all right." She writes it again until he says, "My dear, this is swell," and means it. At various points she decides the whole thing is painful, says, "The hell with it," and throws it in the waste basket. This is where her husband comes in again. Eventually—it depends on how many days she writes twelve thousand words and how often her husband says, "Frankly . . . "—she writes the last page, goes to New York, and buys thirty-five-dollar hats, her one extravagance. That results immediately in the despair of her agent, who has been trying for years to get her to save her money, and eventually in giving a Parisian contour (a year old) to colored heads in Annapolis, Maryland.

Leslie Ford's rank in her profession dates from "Ill Met by Moonlight," published in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1936. That title (Shakespeare) is considered by connoisseurs one of the best in modern detective fiction; it has the three ideal elements—menace, romance, and a clue to the murderer's identity. Miss Ford's "The Simple Way of Poison" (1937) is a good title too, by Gilbert Murray out of Euripides. "Ill Met by Moonlight" introduced her chief narrator, Grace Latham. Most of her friends think that if you are a follower of Mrs. Latham you know a good deal about Leslie Ford. Miss Ford denies it. Her Colonel Primrose and his "functotum" Sergeant Buck appeared in an earlier story, "The Strangled Witness" (1934). The Colonel, like Mrs. Latham, reflects Miss Ford's belief that mystery romances can be written about urbane, civilized, and witty people. She also thinks that detectives don't have to be omniscient and that it is neither sporting nor intelligent to ridicule the police. She has met police and detective chiefs of twenty cities and never met one who was not competent and courteous. As far as the courtesy is concerned it may bear on the record that Miss Ford is attractive, charming, witty, and resourceful. She dislikes very much to be called charming, but no one who has written about her has been able to find another word for just that.

Before Leslie Ford began writing under that name, she had done several stories with a Scotland Yard background under the name "David Frome." She keeps the two names running coincidentally. Unlike "Leslie Ford's" Colonel Primrose and Sergeant Buck, "David Frome's" detective, the little Welshman Mr. Evan Pinkerton, was partly at least taken from life. Miss Ford was living in a London lodging house when she ran into him. Furtive steps would be heard in the morning; a breakfast tray and polished shoes would be found outside the door. She learned that the mysterious agent—whom she never saw—was the landlady's husband, and a housemaid pointed him out to her in a group photograph on the landing. Shy, rabbity, embarrassed, and sentimental, with a passion for crime, movies, and the abetting of young love, Mr. Pinkerton has been called the Charlie Chaplin of detectives. He first appeared in "The Hammersmith Murders" (1929). Miss Ford makes constant trips to England to keep in mind which bus you take to Wormwood Scrubs, what the Tower Hamlets are, how the City Police differ from the Metropolitan Police, and that it is shop assistant, not clerk, round and not around, a quarter to twelve, not a quarter of twelve, and Hatton Garden, not Hatton Gardens. With some help from her English publishers she has never had any trouble, and probably few people in England, where he is widely read, have known that David Frome is an American woman.

She began writing in London in 1928, and has never written a story that was not sold. She describes herself as lazy, actually has great nervous energy, works with grim concentration, and has twice written full-length books in eight days. That was some years ago. She takes more time to it now. Reviewers find her stories notable for intelligence and skill; they are polished, suave, well-bred, and sophisticated. Laid frequently in Maryland's eighteenth-century country houses, they have a velvety surface and witty dialogue. They picture living characters, and show a quick and sympathetic appreciation of the odd and ludicrous and a definite conviction

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that decency and kindliness are pleasanter and more satisfying than their opposites. Leslie Ford is at her best in doing backgrounds and minor characters (Mr. Hofnagel in "The Simple Way of Poison," Miss Isabel Doyle in "False to Any Man," Elsie Carter in "Ill Met by Moonlight") and fights a tendency to let them run away with her story. She has no interest in maniacs, perverts, and gangsters; her murderers, and usually her corpses, are cultivated and well-mannered ladies and gentlemen. She has been translated into nine languages. Her favorite detectives in modern fiction are Charlie Chan, Mr. Campion, and M. Poirot. The best exposition of how to write mystery stories is Aristotle's "Poetics." There are several simple modern rules, but the only one of any importance is that writing must be done by hand on ruled yellow paper of foolscap size.

The mystery writer's life has harrowing experiences from time to time. Miss Ford was once caught redhanded by the Palace watchman in Williamsburg, snooping around the Canal late at night. A conversation took place, tense at first, beginning:

W. - - - "What are you doing there?"
L. F. - - - "I am looking for a good place to hide a shotgun."

A couple of years ago she was dragged out of a burning apartment house and down a ladder by the Baltimore Fire Department, clutching a cocker spaniel under one arm and a manuscript under the other. The spaniel (Dr. Watson) was all right, but the manuscript ("Reno Rendezvous") cascaded down the ladder and into the gutter. It was salvaged by fire chiefs, police lieutenants, and bystanders. Miss Ford had just finished the sentence, " . . . something in the atmosphere so tense and alive and wrong that I could almost feel it touching me made every nerve and fibre of my body suddenly taut and aware." She then looked up and was tautly aware that the atmosphere was smoke and the spaniel had retired in dismay under the sofa. It took five minutes to get him out, and Miss Ford barely made it to the window.

Her most harrowing experience was when she finished a particularly refractory book with a frantic burst of forty pages and found next morning that they had got into the garbage. The garbage had been collected, and when a desperate chase through the streets located the garbage wagon, it had been emptied. A three-hours' search on the city dump turned up all forty pages, soiled and malodorous. They are preserved in her husband's unique collection of Fordiana. Rather than try to write them again Miss Ford would have thrown the whole book away.

Leslie Ford had an interesting life even before she became a "slick" writer. She was the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Milnor Jones, who was born at Chestertown, on Maryland's Eastern Shore, where the family had settled in the eighteenth century. His father was rector of Emmanuel Church at Chestertown for twenty years and was a member of the board of visitors at Washington College. On her mother's side she is descended from the Calvert family who founded Maryland in 1634.

Her father's work in the church took him into mission fields of the South Carolina and Tennessee mountains and later to California, where

"She describes herself as lazy, actually has great nervous energy" . . .

the subject of this sketch was born. Perhaps having ten brothers and sisters to play with gave little Zenith (Leslie Ford's given name) experience in practising that charm which draws people to her now.

Miss Ford claims to have been brought up, at Smith River, by a squaw in a papoose basket, and she still has the papoose basket. She left there at the age of two, went to high school in Tacoma, Washington, was student assistant in Philosophy, Greek Civilization, and Freshman 1 at the University of Washington, later worked on the old *Dial*. She has a twelve-year-old daughter Janet, a student at the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore, besides Dr. Watson and an Irish setter stolen from John Marquand, hence called Mr. Moto. Her husband, Ford K. Brown, is on the faculty of St. John's College; and long before her nom-de-plume appeared in large type on magazine covers, Mrs. Brown had injected into St. John's faculty gatherings a dynamic personality which lifted them above the stodginess usually imparted to such affairs. She is tall, slender, vivid, smartly dressed, soignée. She dislikes beaches, water, sun, sports, and the household arts, refuses to be ill, and hates ineptitude. She loathes travel and travels constantly, loathes horses and is afraid of them and rides whenever she gets the chance. She likes dogs, gardening, Negroes, and the land. Some years ago she bought a farm near Chestertown, Eastern Shore, that her family had owned in 1800. She can talk impressively about soy beans, erosion, rams, and the practices, which a character in one of her books refers to as the sharp practices. She describes herself as being ground under the heel of a tenant farmer, and figures that with great care, study, application, and luck a farm can easily be run for about ten per cent, plus taxes, interest, fencing, repairs, and extras.

Elegy of a Culture

RED STRANGERS. By Elspeth Huxley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 405 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

FEW novels are simultaneously so engaging and so valuably informative as is this admirable study of African tribal life. Readers of Mrs. Huxley's detective story, "Murder on Safari," will be prepared for excellent craftsmanship, but they will hardly expect such erudition, such subtle portraiture of difficult characters, such penetrating observation and understanding of a remote and mysterious way of life as are here exhibited. This is a serious book, a profoundly interesting anthropological treatise, and, at the same time, a warmly human chronicle of people whose lives, for all their outward simplicity, are as psychologically complicated as the inventions of Balzac or Flaubert.

The narrative begins in 1890. The tribe of the Kikuyu are living under their well-established laws. There is spasmodic war with the Masai, but life in the villages goes on much as it has for many generations. Occasional droughts may destroy the crops and goats may die, but the wisdom of the magicians can always defeat such calamities before they grow too serious. Young men grow to manhood, are circumcised, and become warriors as their fathers did before them. Their wives till the fields and the crops are plentiful enough for goat and man. Some clans are wealthier than others, but the whole community is ordered and happy. Then, about 1902, comes

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the red stranger, the European, the first of his kind to intrude on these parts. He comes peacefully enough, but is soon followed by others. His incomprehensible desires, his unpredictable ways begin to change the character of life itself. The natives are docile and coöperative but they never understand. Even after thirty-five years of European government, when their customs, their laws, and their habits have been slowly destroyed, they do not understand. New customs, new laws have been given them and they conform as best they can, but their minds never grasp the meaning of the change. They think still in terms of goats, even when goats are forbidden as destructive to the land, and that strange round coin the shilling has replaced them as a medium of exchange.

Through her beautifully conceived characters, Waseru, his sons and grandsons, Mrs. Huxley writes the history of the clan in the half century that covers their metamorphosis. The artistry of her method cannot be too much commended. She has made none of the easy false steps. She has never fallen into satire, even when the satirical thrust must have been almost irresistible. She never preaches or suggests ethical comparisons. She preserves continuously the unbiassed calm of the professional observer, but she has made herself see with the eyes of her characters and think with their minds. By so doing she has been able to preserve for us the picture of a life that probably will never exist again. "The elegy of a culture," *The New Statesman* has aptly called her book, and so it is, the deeply impressive delineation of a way of life that had its own beauties and high standards.

Elspeth Huxley

The Ph.D. Business

DOCTOR'S ORAL. By George R. Stewart. New York: Random House. 1939. 260 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

HERE is a novel that is meritorious, as far as its accurate and detailed presentation of life in an American graduate school is concerned, but of only moderate value as a piece of story-telling. "Doctor's Oral" dishes up a familiar essay theme and serves it as fiction; its between-the-lines thesis, that the doctorate in English literature is a vexing thing to obtain and of dubious value once it has been won, is hardly new. To make this the *raison d'etre* of a novel *is* a new idea, however, and I think that it was one worth trying. Mechanical faults make "Doctor's Oral" only partly successful, but it has some pleasant assets which sometimes come very near serving as a counterbalance.

In the matter of background, the book punctiliously remains within the bounds of truth from beginning to end; Mr. Stewart's graduate students, who unfortunately are not particularly interesting persons in themselves, are drawn with fidelity, if without much originality; the economic disadvantages under which the young men and women are working, and the dull hopelessness with which they anticipate the monotony of whatever jobs they may one day be able to secure, are deservedly presented at some length; and—here is the book's most notable virtue—the occasional sketches of the graduate school faculty are without exception excellent. Regrettably enough, these last, who aren't the central figures of the story, are the only persons Mr. Stewart has drawn with imagination, ingenuity, and complete success.

The first two-thirds of the book shows us Joe Grantland preparing for his oral examination for the English doctorate under a variety of distressing circumstances, of which poverty and the imminence of an illegitimate child are certainly two of the darkest. Grantland is far from being a brilliant student, and there is a decided possibility that he will fail the examination. The novel depends upon this element of doubt for its suspense. In the last third of the book the examination begins, and the reader's interest wanes. What should have been the climax of the story comes off with the mild pop of a damp firecracker, and fails to justify the extensive build-up. Grantland passes the examination, marries the girl, and accepts an unexciting job in a junior college. When

George R. Stewart

Sinclair Lewis chooses a dullard for his chief character, the dullness seldom transmits itself to the novel as a whole but becomes a valuable and absorbing part of a *genre* study. In "Doctor's Oral," Grantland's dullness takes over the story before the tale has been finished.

I felt that the author carefully selected characters who had a touch of mediocrity about them, very average graduate students indeed, just to give his story the right ring of truth. This would have been a laudable plan, certainly, if he could by the very finesse of his style have made the tale of a work of art. But, except when Mr. Stewart is dealing with the graduate English faculty, his style is extremely meretricious. A moment ago I spoke of the economic disadvantages under which the students worked; at the college Mr. Stewart had in mind there was an exception, in the person of a girl whom he describes with exactly the kind of bad writing that afflicts what otherwise might have been a novel of much greater worth. Mr. Stewart, speaking of a restaurant to which the college wits repair, says:

> There also you might see (and thank God for the seeing) Diana Geoffreyson. Tall, beautiful, and exquisite, aristocrat to the lift of her eyebrows, she walked at ease between the painted tables, greeting and being greeted like any other. She was no ordinary girl surely, she who could throw off the stigma of her father's millions and enter through the eye of the needle, into *Le Chat Gris*.

This might almost be S. J. Perelman parodying a tawdry English novelist, and demonstrates, along with many other lapses, that Mr. Stewart needs an editor.

James Reid Parker, the author of "Academic Procession," has for many years been a contributor to The New Yorker, *for which he is currently writing a series of stories about the law.*

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The End of the Romanov Dynasty

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN MONARCHY. By Bernard Pares. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 510 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

VERY few Englishmen are as conversant with the history of the Russian Empire as Professor Pares. He taught Russian language and history for more than thirty years at the universities of Liverpool and London, has written a history of the Slav Empire, and has had the advantage of personal acquaintance with the protagonists of the final tragedy. He was with the Russian army during the World War and therefore witnessed the final disintegration of the Romanov dynasty. In "The Fall of the Russian Monarchy" he endeavors to present the events which precipitated the catastrophe in terms of human interest. The dominant theme of the five hundred pages is not economic. Neither is it a political history in the real meaning of the term, although the dénouement is the political annihilation of Nicholas II.

The sub-title of this volume is "A Study of the Evidence," and the subject under consideration is the relations between the Empress Alexandra and the famous Rasputin, their pernicious influence on the weak and ineffectual Czar, and the disastrous consequences. If it were not for the historic importance of the leading characters in the drama the present volume could be read as a Dostoievsky novel, except for its clear, brisk style. It contains all the ingredients which made the great Slav writer famous: false and real mysticism, intrigue, deceit, self-seeking, weakness, piety, and sex enough to please the most inordinate taste. Finally, in the fierce ambition and humorless despotism of the Czarina there is something of Lady Macbeth. In the tradition of Dostoievsky is Professor Pares's extreme sympathy with the villains of the piece. To build up the character of the Empress the historian begins his narrative with Nicholas's love for her when she was still the princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and he stresses the religiousness of this granddaughter of Queen Victoria. He strives to convince the reader that Alexandra's devotion to Rasputin was inspired by love for her son and husband and the desire to preserve for them autocratic power intact. She was devoted to her husband and her son, but her real passion was absolutism.

Alexandra's concern for her husband's prerogatives began as early as October 1894, during the illness of Alexander III. She then wrote in the diary of her fiancé: "Don't let others be put first and you left out . . . Show your own mind and don't let others forget who you are." This jealous fear of losing the slightest shade of her divine right became an obsession. It is extremely doubtful under the iron rule of Alexander III, or even under Nicholas II, whether anyone was permitted to forget who the Czar was. But the letters of the Empress to the Emperor particularly during the World War are replete with evidence that she often overlooked the fact that Nicholas and not she was the ruler of Russia. Love for her husband and later her son was heavily seasoned with a sense of her own importance. During the war and particularly after the Czar's departure for the front Alexandra often saw herself in the role of Catherine the Great. In one of her letters she boasts of the fact that not since her famous predecessor had any Empress been present at a council of ministers.

Alexandra's predilection for mysticism will not wholly explain her acceptance of Rasputin's debaucheries. We are told that "Alexandra never thought of herself as anything but an Englishwoman, the pupil of Queen Victoria, and was disgusted at the immorality of the higher society in the capital." How could she countenance the excesses of the "holy man"? At one point Professor Pares is persuaded that she did not know about them, but that is contradicted by his subsequent statement that copies of the police reports concerning Rasputin's adventures were presented to the Emperor, and after his departure for the front, they were sent to the Empress. It is more than probable that her forbearance was dictated by her need of Rasputin. He was her most powerful ally in the formidable task of ruling Russia by bringing his mysticism to bear on the susceptible Nicholas II. Her letters show that she was an expert in all the feminine tricks, but with the entire nation against her it was not enough. At critical moments the "saintly" Rasputin was of great help. All her requests to Nicholas were made in the name of "our friend." Just before the abdication, in the most critical moment in the history of the country, the Empress wrote to the Czar urging him to comb his hair with Rasputin's comb before meeting his ministers.

Professor Pares is very kind to this German princess whom he describes as English, but his sympathy for Czar and Czarina makes his conclusion, that they were responsible for the Revolution and that the collapse was thrust upon the people from the top, more devastating than if the writer had been a radical.

Rasputin in Petrograd society. (From "The Fall of the Russian Monarchy.")

A Childhood in Turkey

DAUGHTER OF THE EUPHRATES. By Elizabeth Caraman, in collaboration with William Lytton Payne. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 277 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ELGIN GROSECLOSE

FORM and structure, through which fiction seeks to achieve the appearance of reality, may sometimes lend the appearance of fiction to factual narrative. It is the unpremeditated word, the absence of calculated suspense, the sudden shifting of interest, that frequently mark the integrity of a personal account and provide the inner evidence of its veracity. Elizabeth Caraman's autobiography of her childhood in Turkey is an intensely dramatic account in which the reader's interest is compelled by the naïveté of the writing, by its biblical simplicity and sparseness of detail.

As an eye-witness account of the Turkish massacres, told without mal-

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ice or distortion, and reflecting with the purity of a child's vision the varied moods of the events—passion and cruelty, faith and endurance, kindliness and courage—it belongs in the historical literature of the Near East.

Elizabeth Caraman, or Yegsabet Karamanoogian, was eleven years old when all the able bodied men were taken away for war service. When the village was thus denuded, Turkish troops were quartered in the houses, with little restraint upon their appetites. It was not long before the remaining males—among them Yegsabet's father, one of the village elders —were taken away and massacred.

Soon came the turn of the women. They were to be settled in "new colonies in the south." Everyone knew that there were no new colonies. Some saved themselves by taking service in Turkish households, others by marrying Turks. Many kind-hearted Turks offered shelter and aid to these unfortunates of another race. There was, for instance, Ali Bey, who risked his life to save Yegsabet's mother and her two children. As Yegsabet tells it, he was guiding them along the dark trail when a man appeared.

> "How far are you going with them before we have some fun?" he demanded.
>
> "I have given my word to take this woman and her two children to her mother's home, and I shall keep my word," Ali Bey replied firmly.
>
> The man cursed and made as if to strike Ali Bey with his knife. At that instant a new figure rose out of the dark and struck the would-be assassin down.

But accepting Turkish shelter meant renouncing Christ for Islam, and many would not make this sacrifice, among them Yegsabet's mother.

> "I cannot give up Christ," she told Yegsabet. "No matter how much you children will need me, I cannot give him up. I know that he will watch over you both."

Yegsabet's father had made the sacrifice for Christ, and Yegsabet's mother, and it was soon Yegsabet's turn. The Turkish family in which she eventually found herself was kind to her. But the question of conversion arose, and before long there were marriage proposals — for Armenian girls were fair and a girl of twelve was attractive to an old man—and Yegsabet had to flee. And when Yegsabet and her sister finally found protection in a mission orphanage there were still the perils of typhus, and hunger, and cold to endure, before final peace and security in America.

Elgin Groseclose is the author of "The Persian Journey of the Reverend Ashley Wishard and His Servant Fathi," and of a recent novel, "Ararat," dealing with the Turkish massacres of the Armenians.

On the Spot

WE WERE THERE. By Twelve Foreign Correspondents. Edited by Wilfred Hindle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 263 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

IT is symptomatic of our time that eleven of the twelve contributors to this volume should include scenes of violence: Arab fighting Jew, Japanese massacring Chinese, Italian bombing Ethiopian, German torturing German—here is the leitmotiv of violence in what is inaccurately called our "post-war" world. Of the men who chronicle this terrorism and bloodshed, all are present or past correspondents of English newspapers; several are also editors, critics, and scholars; one is now a Member of Parliament. Their coöperative enterprise resembles in both content and style the excellent volume, "We Saw It Happen," published last year by thirteen correspondents of the *New York Times*. "We Were There" is uneven, somewhat incoherent, frequently inconsequential—but enormously informing and exciting. It is a worthy addition to the numerous journalistic histories of our chaotic world.

Two of the best-known members of this company—Vernon Bartlett and Douglas Reed—restrict their contributions to personal and humorous reminiscence of European adventures. Mr. Bartlett, who has progressed from typewriter and microphone to the House of Commons, writes amusingly of the difficulties involved in covering international conferences, where all the elaborate arrangements for broadcasting invariably break down at the last minute. Mr. Reed, whose "Disgrace Abounding" was recently published in England (*S.R.L.*, July 15), describes the lighter side of the news in a series of disconnected but entertaining anecdotes. His tale of an old gentleman with bees in his beard is only slightly less delightful than his description of Herr Hitler with the wrong oration for President von Hindenburg's funeral.

It is difficult to single out the other articles for special praise, for they differ so greatly in subject matter and treatment. George Steer, describing the abdication of Haile Selassie, produces the most forceful narrative, while Ion S. Munro presents intimate glimpses of Mussolini. H. D. Harrison writes interestingly of events in Jugoslavia which led to his expulsion over the Mickey Mouse episode. F. A. Voigt's colorful account of "The Red Army in the Ruhr" recalls an early appearance of terrorism in western Europe, and Darsie Gillie's chapter on Pilsudski examines the development of military dictatorship in Poland. Alexander Henderson and Karl Robson, discussing recent events in Sudetenland and Spain, provide pictures of civil strife that seem more familiar at the present time. The Near East is represented by an article on Palestine by Arthur Koestler; the Far East, by an impressionistic chapter on Shanghai by O. D. Gallagher and a rather inconclusive piece on Bengal by Sir Alfred Watson.

Tour de Force

VICTORIAN HOUSE. By Dorothy Hewlett. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 522 *pp.* $2.75.

DOROTHY HEWLETT has turned a very neat trick in writing a full-length Victorian novel in very much the Victorian manner. Against a carefully detailed period background she poses her melodramatic plot, which makes full use of the lurid underworld of London in the eighteen-forties. There is no tongue-in-the-cheek to be discovered; Miss Hewlett writes as seriously and as sentimentally as did the Victorian novelists themselves, and waxes as wroth with the villains and as sympathetic with the virtuous. "Victorian House" is a tour de force, very cleverly kept in key throughout its five-hundred-odd pages, and must be approached as such. The author is not concerned at the moment to criticize the life of which she writes.

For heroine we have the perfect Victorian model: a lovely, willful orphan who is, just for good Jarndyce-v.-Jarndyce measure, a Ward in Chancery. Her guardian is the tyrannical father of a large family and the master of a docile wife. Life in the household is a nerve-wracking ordeal to be got through as may be by everyone but the father, and yet on the surface they present the calm, contented appearance so essential to good opinion. Here the orphan finds a comfortable home until, through a series of accidents and plots, it is thought that she has lost all claim to the fortune which was to come to her upon her majority. Fleeing a house where she is no longer welcome, she plunges into the dangers and distresses of "the other half." Skirting dangerously, but safely in the end, for this is a Victorian novel, grave evils whose nature she never even guesses, she is brought at long last to the rightful culmination.

Taken in the spirit of a theatrical revival "Victorian House" will provide pleasant entertainment for autumn evenings. Many readers will still prefer to turn to the Victorian themselves for such entertainment but as supplementary reading Miss Hewlett can be recommended.

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The Wages of War

THIS IS WAR! By Lucien Zaharoff. New York: Sheridan House. 1939. 342 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. E. DUPUY, *Major, F. A.*

WAR today threatens potentially every man, woman, and child. To some of us, particularly in the United States, this is a new concept. Yet even a cursory glance through history will bring realization that misery and death have ever been the price paid by those unfortunate enough to dwell in beseiged cities or in theaters of operations.

The essential fact is that today's air power has made land warfare three-dimensional, extending theaters of operations to include entire nations. Why? Because the basic objective of war is the throttling of the other fellow's resources. Whether this be produced by the relatively slow process of destroying first his armed forces and then occupying his vital centers, the still slower process of blockade and starvation, or the lightning blow from the air, is beside the mark.

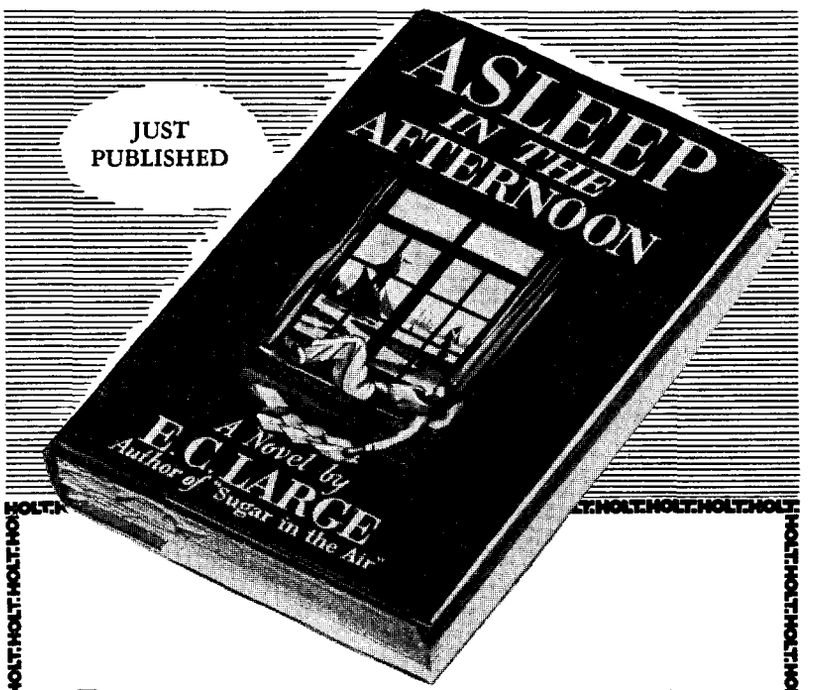
Simple it is then for an aggressor to justify wholesale bombings by the plausible plea that his targets are vital centers of resistance. That in attempting this destruction non-combatants must die is, from the totalitarian viewpoint, just too bad. Either they should not have been there or their government should not have risked their destruction by daring to thwart the will of the aggressor.

What may be expected to happen in a totalitarian war today is Mr. Zaharoff's timely theme. He has tried to do a good job. However, one gathers a mental picture of him, surrounded by an extensive bibliography, dipping hither and yon—and he certainly has dipped—to pull out horror plums, yet lacking in sufficient military background to evaluate his findings accurately. Sometimes he cannot see the woods for the trees. Incidentally a bibliographical listing and an index would have improved the book.

Some unfamiliar overseas military terminology has been translated literally. "Storm aviation" for "attack aviation," "link" for "flight," and "Articles of War" for "training regulations" are examples. For the lay reader the book is tiresomely packed with statistical data. One also gets a "dictated but not read" impression in spots—such, for instance, as the repeated use of the word "Sen Chamon" for "St. Chamond." Many tactical, technical, and historical misconceptions appear, particularly in his discussion of poison gas, and defensive warfare in general.

Facts nullify his conclusion that the military have withheld from the civilian real knowledge of the horrors of modern war. His accolade upon the Red Army as "the world's most respected military establishment" and "strongest air power" is unwarranted. Incorporation of animadversions upon Nazi objectives and democracies' "appeasement" policies is not essential to his primary subject, itself sufficiently complex. He is entitled to his own opinion upon collective security, but his assumption that it is the only way out will find opposition in the United States.

On the other hand his sound basic reasonings that war is fought by men and not by machines, and that the infantryman is the ultimate factor of decision whose support is the mission of all other arms, cannot be praised too highly.



IF the title of this book sounds strange, wait until you read the story! The author comes right out and deals with such things as daydreams under a piano, ear trumpets, why people want to sleep so much, being married, the craft of being a writer, and what happens when an epic and terrible woman named Agatha Boom lends the cosmos a hand. Here are some repercussions:

WEARE HOLBROOK: "It's a long time since I've enjoyed a book so much. Occasionally it reminded me of H. G. Wells—and again of Aldous Huxley and Christopher Morley (if you can imagine the two of them under one cover)."

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH-CLUB NEWS: "This is boisterously entertaining, with an equal unconcern as to what traditions it disturbs or demolishes . . . It is fairly safe to say that if you pick this book up after lunch you won't fall 'Asleep in the Afternoon'."

PHYLLIS BENTLEY: "Mr. Large is developing the line opened by Aldous Huxley. I am keeping a hopeful, expectant eye on him."

NEW YORKER: "Highly entertaining, intelligent, penetrating."

Asleep in the Afternoon

by E. C. LARGE *Author of* SUGAR IN THE AIR

351 pages, $2.50 HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, N.Y.

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"Free Inquirer"

FRANCES WRIGHT. By A. J. G. Perkins and Theresa Wolfson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1939. 393 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

DURING a lifetime of continuous and varied activities, Frances Wright had the misfortune to have the limelight turned always upon her more eccentric and shocking undertakings and to have her actual contributions to educational and political thinking almost entirely overlooked. And since her death she has fared very little better. Any mention of her name usually brings the rather vague response, "Didn't she have a Free Love colony or something"? Yes, she did, but she stood also for a great deal more; and this new biography under joint authorship attempts to right the wrongs of emphasis and present Fanny Wright in something like her amazing completeness.

Frances Wright was born into a century of free thinking and reform. Her father was a man of liberal ideas (under political surveillance in his own country, Scotland). She had ample income to permit her to live very much as she chose and to put into practice whatever theories appealed to her, together with the boundless energy and vitality that left others exhausted by the way while she went indomitably on. She was both destined and equipped to rouse controversy and animosity wherever she appeared. Little concerned with the feelings or reactions of others, she constantly jeapordized her dearest projects by antagonizing those whose coöperation she needed.

The public eye was first turned disapprovingly upon Frances Wright when her intense friendship with the aging Lafayette became generally known in England and France. He called her his "fille adoptive," but to his family and friends his relationship with this girl, "young enough to be his daughter, old enough to be his wife," seemed, to say the very least, unwise. Here, as throughout the volume, the authors present all sides of the question and include long excerpts from letters and diaries of the period. This constant use of contemporary comment gives color to the story of the brilliant and courageous rebel, and permits the reader to make his own judgments upon disputed points.

Crossing the Atlantic as often and as casually as any modern traveler, Fanny pursued her many interests through visits and investigations of the Rappite Colonies, of Robert Owen's "New Harmony," and of whatever other enterprises in planned living she heard. And she set up her own coöperative colony in the wilderness near Memphis with high hopes of solving the problem of freeing slaves without financial loss. Her scheme had much in its favor but it never had a chance to work out, because Fanny believed in miscegenation and said so in no uncertain terms. There was constant scandal within the community both because of its activities and its pronouncements. The hardships and horrors of the fever infested "Nashoba" are emphatically described in Mrs. Trollope's account of her visit there.

After the failure of Nashoba, Frances Wright joined Robert Dale Owen in the editing of the *Free Enquirer*. The whirlwind followed her to New York, since once more her radical opinions upon marriage, labor conditions, capital punishment, equal civil rights for all, and other vexed questions of the day (freely expressed in the magazine) set conservative opinion actively against her. Her later life, tragic marriage, and alienation of a much loved child make a sad ending for a story that commenced so gallantly. The whole tale of Frances Wright, "Free Enquirer," is here, and although the writing of the book leaves a good deal to be desired and occasionally the chronology is obscure, it is well worth reading both for the particular personality it describes and for the general picture it presents of a period when every other man seemed to have a panacea for the ills of life and, whether that panacea was vegetarianism or free love, it was promulgated with passion and persistence.

Your Literary I.Q.

QUIZ No. 2

BY HOWARD COLLINS

Favorite Foods of Famous People

The eating habits of many characters in fiction are so peculiar that the mere mention of their favorite food is enough to call them to mind. Briefly described below are the diets made famous by ten literary figures. Allow 5 points for each character you can call by name, and another 5 if you can name the book in which he appeared and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. Despite her husband's disapproval, she was exceedingly fond of macaroons.
2. After a certain hectic day he ate 169 pancakes, for he was very hungry.
3. This huge detective was so fond of beer that he took two or three bottles at a time.
4. Bread-and-butter-and-brown-sugar-and-apple-sauce was her between-meal snack.
5. When famine struck the land she made mud soup for her starving family.
6. This clergyman and his wife were celebrated for their delicious home-made gooseberry wine.
7. He was the first person to eat roast pork.
8. He ate 20 carloads of meat and drank 10 carloads of wine at each meal, which was as much as 1,724 of the other inhabitants of the country consumed.
9. From eating flies, he progressed to spiders, and then to birds.
10. He speared loaches for his mother, who considered them a delicacy.

Ancient Ladies

LIVES OF WIVES. By Laura Riding. Random House. 1939. 323 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

TALES from Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and the Jewish chronicles are retold here in a pleasant, rambling, involuted manner. The technique is to vivify the classical narrative by introducing minor relevant details which accord with the historical data, and through these details to raise conjecture to the level of fact. The new thing in this particular book, as the title indicates, is telling the stories from the women's point of view. It begins with the rise of the Persian power, which is the story not of Cyrus the Great, but of "the husband of Amytis." It then shifts focus abruptly to a parallel narrative of Athens and Macedon, concerning itself not so much with Philip, Alexander, and Aristotle, as with Olympias, who deliberately became the wife of a king and the mother of an emperor, and Pythias, who accidentally became the wife of a philosopher. With another sharp slip in time we are in Jerusalem at the fall of the Asmonean dynasty and the beginning of the Christian era; our people are Salome, Mariamne, Herod's wife, and Cleopatra.

Obviously, there are three excellent stories here; and excellently they are told, so far as the construction of the book goes, with tempting allusions later explained and frequent use of the reversed narrative, which tells the end of a story first, working back uphill to the often surprising sources of action. Yet the book will probably find few readers. For the general it is damaged by the effort, or lack of effort, that caused the inclusion of three stories under one tent. Any of the three is sufficient to make a novel if one is to make a novel of any. The sweeps of time and space are enormous, the scene crowded with figures which the author has allowed herself neither time nor space to carve in the round. The result is that much of the book consists of summarization, and the whole of it reads like the synopsis of a trilogy.

For the special reader, Miss Riding's method has the objection of forcing her to accept doubtful evidence and to invent it where it does not exist. There is no good basis for her story that Queen Olympias administered to her stepson Philip Arrhidaeus a poison that made him an idiot, and medical science is ignorant of any drug that would do the trick. There is no evidence whatever that Aristotle connived in the putative poisoning of Alexander the Great.

All in all a book which falls between two stools; a book to be read by serious students of history in their lighter moments. It is a pity this is so, for the material is there, and the skill, to have accomplished something far more important.

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Life in the Old Southwest

THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL. By Stanley Vestal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1939. 286 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

A THOUSAND miles of American geography, a half century of American history, are bound up in the Santa Fé Trail. Not the scene of so much pioneer heroism as the California and Oregon Trail, and not so significant to the growth of the West, for it was never the main artery of colonization, it nevertheless furnishes a more variegated, more picturesque, and perhaps more adventurous chapter in the chronicles of the trans-Missouri country. It stretched from Anglo-Saxon civilization to Spanish and Mexican culture; it was long one of the great routes of American trade. Running for much of its course over plain and desert, traversing wide, undulating expanses that were like the ocean in their solitude, their endless distances, and their sudden tempests and gales, the Santa Fé trail was filled with perils and difficulties all its own. It had its own wild life, its peculiar Indian tribes, its special types of mountain men, traders, and prospectors.

Mr. Vestal has done with the theme precisely what he is best fitted to do. He has not written a formal history of the trail—its beginnings in the traffic with Santa Fé and Chihuahua, its long career, rising to apogee in the days celebrated by Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies" and Kit Carson's autobiography, its decline as the railroad and the cattle ranch advanced. That task has been performed already by Robert L. Duffus in his admirable book on the trail. Instead, Mr. Vestal has set himself to describe the life—the human experiences—bound up in each section of the great highway. He begins with the outfitting at the port of embarkation on to Missouri—Westport or Independence; he pictures the start; he goes on to the great buffalo grounds, and halts to describe the chasing, shooting, and butchering of the animals; he is presently at the crossing of the Arkansas. Thus the book progresses, until the reader, like the trader or fur-hunter of old, comes at the end to the high blue mountains of New Mexico and drab flat adobe buildings, set amid green fields of corn and wheat, of Santa Fé. It is a social history of the trail that the author has written, and he has done it with impressionistic vividness out of a wealth of knowledge, some gained from books, some from talk with aged survivors, some from travel, of the Southwest.

An unsystematic volume this is, except as all its parts are beaded along the line of the trail. The chronology of many of its scenes and incidents is often not quite clear; we cannot be sure sometimes whether Mr. Vestal is writing of 1820 or 1840 or 1855. But the book is always vivid, always expert, and always interesting. The author makes it almost an encyclopedia of Southwestern adventure. He tells of the perils of the greenhorn in traveling and hunting; of methods of stalking the buffalo; of the ways of the fur-hunter in mountain defiles; of Indian battles, tortures, and sufferings at the hands of vengeful whites; of the sports, loves, and martial exploits of the native New Mexicans; of desperadoes and highwaymen; Kit Carson, whose daring and spirit earned all the fame that came to him; of prospectors and soldiers. It is not a long volume, and it does not make those incisive new contributions to knowledge of the Southwest in its heroic age that are to be found, for example, in the best work of E. L. Sabin; but within its limits it is a full book, and much of it deserves the adjective absorbing.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 284)

THOMAS OTWAY:
"VENICE PRESERVED"

Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall
And rise again; . . . . . .
They wait but for a storm and then devour you.

A novel about the "forgotten man" of university life—
the graduate student!

DOCTOR'S ORAL

BY GEORGE R. STEWART

SOMEWHERE in the social scale between the undergrad and the professor is the young man or woman who is working for a Ph.D. For most of them the way is long and arduous, and often their success or failure and the possibility of getting a good teaching job later, depends on the few hours in which they undergo their final oral examination at the hands of the faculty. Out of one such episode in the life of a graduate student Mr. Stewart has made a novel no less exciting than any story of a football game won in the last quarter with two minutes to play . . . and one that paints a truthful picture of a neglected side of university life.

Mr. Stewart has taught at a number of universities and is now Associate Professor of English at the University of California. His previous book, EAST OF THE GIANTS, was one of the best-sellers of last year and was chosen by the Commonwealth Club of California as the outstanding novel by a Californian during 1938.

$2.00 at all bookstores

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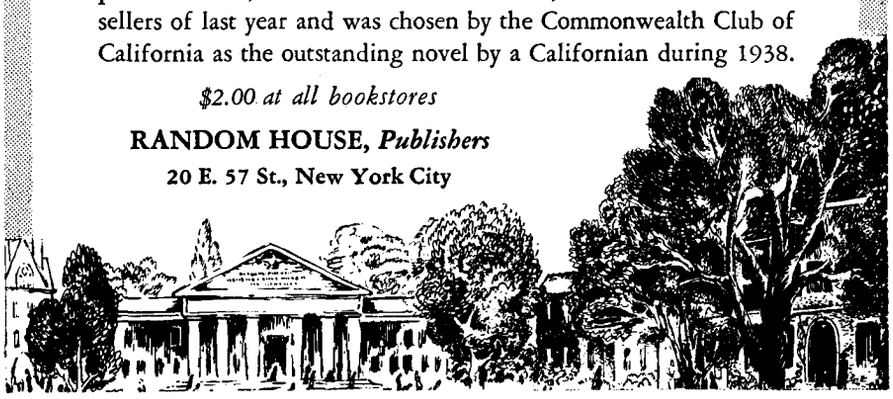

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Romans à Clef

BY EARLE F. WALBRIDGE

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. "The Blithedale Romance."

"Everything happened at Lennox, and everyone came there. Close by lived the lovely Fanny Kemble, whose Shakespeare readings in Boston were events of the forties and who also appeared in one of Hawthorne's novels." (In the character of Zenobia, in "The Blithedale Romance," also drawn partially from Margaret Fuller.)—Van Wyck Brooks, "The Flowering of New England."

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL. "Elsie Venner."

"[Margaret Fuller] the Boston Aspasia who had corrupted her sex by means of intellectual orgies lived again in Hawthorne's pages and Holmes's 'Elsie Venner.' . . . That Dr. Holmes had Margaret Fuller in mind is evident from a passage in 'Elsie Venner.' . . . Who but Margaret Fuller had narrowed her lids, just as Elsie did, till her eyes were small and bright as diamonds?"—Van Wyck Brooks, "The Flowering of New England."

HOLTBY, WINIFRED. "South Riding."

The wise, tolerant, capable Alderman was drawn from the late Winifred Holtby's own mother.

HORGAN, PAUL. "The Fault of Angels."

Based on the author's experiences at the Eastman School of Music at the University of Rochester (N. Y.) where he went on the advice of a singer from the Metropolitan Opera Company, who heard Mr. Horgan sing when he was a cadet at the New Mexico Military Institute.

JAMES, HENRY. "The Aspern Papers."

Based on an episode relating to the life of Byron.

—"The Coxon Fund."

Published in the *Yellow Book* in 1895. "Deals with the case of Coleridge (with overtones, perhaps, of A. Bronson Alcott) who is portrayed with no very heavy moralistic emphasis as hopelessly lacking in moral roots, a grand luxurious tropical plant throwing off great blossoms of imperial conversation."—C. Hartley Grattan, "The Three Jameses."

—"The Wings of the Dove."

Milly Theale, the heroine, "was beyond question doomed to an early death. She lived in the shadow of imminent fatality and London to her was Harley Street. . . . A reminiscence here, beyond a doubt and freely confessed by Henry James, of his cousin Mary Temple, who was so similarly endowed and also doomed to early death. And she too sought to live". —*Ibid.*

LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT. "Sons and Lovers."

"[Aldous] Huxley has had no personal experience of the nearness with which poor people live together, and

NEW MYSTERIES

a top-notch trio

Death Over Her Shoulder

by **D. C. MEADE**

"Skillfully told . . . suspense is maintained to the very end."—*The New York Times.* $2.00

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
STARK MURDER *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Murderer of man found frozen in bath-tub at closed Adirondack hotel traced by Peter Clancy—who drops in, accidentally, from sky.	Interesting example of how two excellent mysteriographers hit upon similar novel killing device simultaneously—and very good reading.	First string
THE CASE OF THE ROLLING BONES *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Perry Mason, whose "mind is not geared to conventional channels," solves two murders with one corpse.	From slick trick on p. 24 to slicker dodge on p. 258, a prize package of puzzlement, thrills, and humor.	Very good
MURDER AT RADIO CITY *Nigel Morland* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fantastic skyscraper slaying starts two-fisted Mrs. Pym on trail that leads to London underworld and ends in hospital amphitheater.	Has all tempestuous attributes of Pym cycle, including new kind of racket which involves English medical profession and causes grisly finish.	Spirited
THE GIRL IN THE CAGE *Cortland Fitzsimmons and John Mulholland* (Stokes: $2.)	Knifing in Broadway theater during illusionist's act, and four subsequent murders, solved by canny magician Peter King.	Shows how application of Magicians' Rules can solve crime as well as fool audience. Continuous action saves rather dizzy yarn.	Mystifyin'
MURDER AL FRESCO *Jennifer Jones* (Crime Club: $2.)	Amateur actress in York state production drives ostensible prop poniard through heart. Miss Daisy Mott discovers who substituted "lethral" weapon.	Killer rather shadowy and final placing of guilt bit too suddenly inspired. In other respects well-wrought and highly suspenseful.	Above average
MR. PINKERTON AT THE OLD ANGEL *David Frome* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Stabbing, strangling, and toss over balcony settle hapless guests at picturesque English inn. Mr. Pinkerton and Insp. Bull operate successfully.	Medieval Rye perfect background for Gothic tragedies in noble family, with feckless little Welshman stooging faultlessly for imperturbable Scotland Yarder.	Delightful

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of the steamy mother-son intimacy, almost identification, which such a life can produce. It is indicated well enough in Lawrence's autobiographical 'Sons and Lovers,' where the relationship is underlined but not, as yet, mystically analyzed into those terms which Lawrence was later forced to repeat *ad nauseam* owing to the poverty of the English language. . . . He told with tremendous force and sincerity the story of his life as it had been up to his mother's death."—Frank Swinnerton, "The Georgian Scene.'" The Miriam of the novel has published her version of her friendship with Lawrence.

LEWIS, SINCLAIR. "Ann Vickers."

"Whether or not Dorothy Thompson's social work led him to write 'Ann Vickers' is of little consequence. It is not one of his great books. (And contrary to some opinion she is not Ann Vickers—that character is more Frances Perkins, and Dorothy Thompson seems more the Edith Cartwright of 'Dodsworth.')" — Don Wharton in *Scribner's* May, 1937.

LONDON, JACK. "Martin Eden."

"The main characters are himself, Mable Applegarth and her family, and George Sterling as the poet Brissenden."—Irving Stone, "Sailor on Horseback."

—"The Sea Wolf."

"The main character was based on Captain Alex McClean, of whose amazing exploits he had heard while he was on the *Sophie Sutherland.* The woman was based on Charmian Kittredge London, his wife. 'I was in love with a woman, and I wrote her into my book, and the critics tell me that the woman I love is unbelievable!' "—*Ibid.*

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH. "Kavenagh."

"Story of a minister in Maine—who might have been Sylvester Judd, for his aim was to remove all prejudices and bring about a union of all the sects."—Van Wyck Brooks, "The Flowering of New England."

McNEILE, LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL, 1888-1937 ("Sapper," pseud.) "Bulldog Drummond."

" 'Sapper' is said to have founded the Bulldog on his wartime friend, Mr. Gerard Fairlie, now well known as a novelist. Mr. Fairlie certainly looks the part—he is over six feet in height—and is a versatile sportsman. Shortly before his death 'Sapper' had collaborated with Mr. Fairlie in writing a new play about Drummond, called 'Bulldog Drummond Hits Out.' "—*John o' London's Weekly,* Aug. 27, 1937.

MACKENZIE, COMPTON. "Vestal Fires."

Duncan Maxwell is obviously Norman Douglas, author of "South Wind," "They Went," etc.

MARQUAND, JOHN PHILLIPS. "The Late George Apley."

Apley may be a scion of the Appleton or Copley families, both, or neither. The style of his biographer is obviously derived from that of Boston's official biographer, Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe (Harvard, 1887), who was delighted with the novel.

—"Wickford Point."

John Brill, the Wickford philosopher, has been ascribed to Thoreau, Whittier, and F. B. Sanborn. Mr. Marquand has stated that he never draws characters from life.

MELVILLE, HERMAN. "Moby Dick."

"Another warrior of the pulpit who came to meetings of the [Transcendental] Club was the hallelujah Methodist, Father Taylor. . . . He and his preaching are reproduced in Father Mapple's sermon in 'Moby Dick.' "—Van Wyck Brooks, "The Flowering of New England."

NATHAN, ROBERT. "Journey of Tapiola." (Knopf).

Rosemary Carr Benét, reviewing this short novel in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* called it a *roman à clef.* Tapiola, a toy Yorkshire terrier, belongs to the wife of a publisher, and hears a good deal of literary shop-talk.

—"Winter in April."

"I have only rarely used real people in my books. Mrs. Sweeney, in 'One More Spring,' was real; she and Katy Halloran in 'Winter in April' are one and the same, a real Katy, who was a member of the family before I was born. And Juliet, the little girl in 'The Bishop's Wife,' was a real little girl, and those are the things she said, which I jotted down.—Robert Nathan, in *Wings; the Literary Guild Magazine,* July, 1938.

SINCLAIR, MAY. "The Three Sisters."

"She was to be the first, I think, who wrote of the Brontë sisters from a psychological point of view, and she did this, not only in a book about them, but in a novel, 'The Three Sisters,' which may have been suggested by reflection upon their story as it was seen by a modern woman.—Frank Swinnerton, "The Georgian Scene."

—"Tasker Jevons."

"A rather severe portrait of a successful author who may have been a combination of two of her male contemporaries, unkindly seen."—*Ibid.*

STERN, GLADYS BRONWYN. "The Matriarch."

"Maximilian Rakonitz was the name I gave one of my three uncles in those family chronicles, half truth, half invention, which I have written round the personality, the Matriarch. [Anastasia Schwabacher, who died five years ago at 90]. I was not very deeply attached to the Matriarch. She was too despotic."—G. B. Stern, "Monogram."

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, and LLOYD OSBOURNE. "The Wrecker."

"[The magazine and book publisher, S.S.] McClure was a queer bird, but a lovable man and a great one. He, under fiction names, is the principal character in several novels by major authors of the 1890s and later. The authors had come to know him in ordinary way, as purchasers of their literary output—and they found him stranger than any fiction they could invent. . . . He said [to Mr. Sullivan] it was true that he was the original of Pinkerton in 'The Wrecker.' The other legend about him he said he doubted; he believed that the hero of Howells's 'A Hazard of New Fortunes' was not himself but was a variation of one of the Howells's other fiction characters, Silas Lapham. McClure added that another author, Alice Hegan Rice, once put him in a book ["Mr. Opp"?], but made him talk like a South-of-Ireland Irishman, whereas McClure in fact came from the North. . . . Kipling, in his autobiography, said that McClure was 'far more original' than the character whom Stevenson modeled after him.—Mark Sullivan, "The Education of an American."

(*To be continued*)

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The New Books

Belles-Lettres

THIS SHAKESPEARE INDUSTRY. By Ivor Brown and George Fearon. Harpers. 1939. 326 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

This book could have said so much more. It is superficial, obvious, repetitive. It is a good bet missed. Its thesis is sound: "Not in Stratford only but all over the world Shakespeare has passed far beyond his old status of poet and playwright. He is now, on the grand scale, a commercial magnet, a trade-sign for garages, a pillar of finance, a Warwickshire and a British staple." It would have been possible to trace in detail the ramifications of this proposition. Shakespeare texts, for example. We are informed that the sales are "prodigious." Of the first Temple Shakespeare "the house of Dent sold more than a million volumes." Shakespeare "must be easily the next best-seller of the English-reading world; that is presuming the Bible still to be first on the list." This is hardly adequate coverage. Most space is devoted to the internal economy of Stratford, laved by an Avon that Shakespeare never mentions, and the book might well have concerned itself with this angle exclusively, and presented a full picture of it. For to Stratford the cult of the Bard is an honor not without profit.

J. T. W.

Fiction

FIVE DESTINIES. By Anna Reiner. Knopf. 1939. 453 *pp.* $2.50.

Five German children born in the 1920s become friends. There is Franz, son of an unsuccessful and rather brutal salesman; Heini, son of a brilliant and romantic doctor; Harry, the unloved child of a profiteer and his beautiful, contemptuous Christian wife; and Karl, son of a socialist worker. But Manya, conceived in a short encounter between a prostitute and a young intellectual who killed himself immediately after, is their leader; she holds all the others together by her sweetness, her gaiety, and her imagination.

As the children grow up, and as National Socialism begins to dominate Germany, the differences in their lives are accentuated. Heini, Harry, and Manya are made to feel their Jewish blood; Karl's father is driven into hiding; only Franz, whose father is now, of course, a Nazi, is on top and even he is not happy. For a while, their devotion to Manya is the strongest fact in their lives. But the moment comes when they can no longer protect her. Life becomes more than she can endure; when she is gone, there are left only four adolescents who do not particularly like one another.

Miss Reiner, who is a young German refugee, is at home in the world of children. She understands that they are a vast slave population at the mercy of the capricious adult, who controls them not only by force but by their instinctive loyalty. Miss Reiner's dreamy and strained world is one familiar in post-war German novels: her people, even her children, have no hope, believe in no miracles. Therefore, although they are excellently drawn, individual and sympathetic, their tragedy is undramatic. They do not struggle: they only await the carrying out of a sentence long deferred.

K. S.

THIS PORCELAIN CLAY. By Naomi Jacobs. Macmillan. 1939. 389 *pp.* $2.50.

This is not Naomi Jacobs's soundest or most convincing novel, but Miss Jacobs is an accomplished story teller and an artful creator of arresting people. It is the story of Louis Silver and his unscrupulous quest for money and position. These achieved, and lost, it becomes the story of his quest for beauty and the meaning of life. This reader found him more interesting, and certainly more vital, during his unregenerate years than during his more apostolic period. The Silvers, like so many of Miss Jacobs's families, start low, and rise high. Louis uses this obscurity of his origins to build up a legend of Jewish blood which he believes, and rightly, will help him in his financial rise. He becomes, step by devious step, the head of a great fruit business. He is "Silver, the mystery millionaire." To give himself a social setting he marries the daughter of an impoverished baronet. She is decorative but not devoted, and when she is too openly adulterous he agrees to arrange a divorce. Here the story breaks and the last part has touches which are worthy of Ethel M. Dell. For Louis, his fortune swept away, goes off on a Continental walking tour looking for beauty and meets his wife whose lover has been killed skiing, falls in love with her for the first time, and even agrees to accept her unborn child as his. This involves the remaking of Louis's character, which Miss Jacobs does with such fervor that the reader almost believes in it. The idyll in the Tyrol, when Louis sheds the shell of Mr. Rochester and puts on the tender skin of Sir Marcus Ordyne, is pure romantic hokum and keeps the novel from being what it started out to be, the story of the ruthless and repellent nobody who got what he thought he wanted. The first part of the book is excellent as Miss Jacobs brings the clever, cold, ambitious boy to manhood. She writes here with crisp authority. The last part is sentimental enough to bring any harassed reader complete escape from reality.

R. L.

IN HIGH PLACES. By William Brown Meloney. Knopf. 1939. 237 *pp.* $2.

Mr. Meloney contributes an allegorical fantasy, written in realistic terms, about Hitler. Hitler—called The Power throughout—discovers that he is about to die of a brain tumor. His only chance is operation; the only surgeon who can operate with any hope of success is a Jew who, since the purge, has been living in a cellar with a crippled hand. In a dramatic conversation between the two, the doctor is revealed as the stronger character, who can outface Hitler partly by innate dignity and partly because he has nothing to lose. He undertakes the operation, and such is his devotion to science that it is as successful as possible in the present state of surgery. But a sadistic young storm trooper, whose antics we have been permitted to watch in some pretty horrible manifestations, misunderstands the situation and takes a fatal hand in it.

The story is pretty effective; at least it is interesting throughout. It would have been still better as a short story than as a short novel, and in that form might have approached the effectiveness of "Address Unknown." As it is, it suffers from the mixture of realism with which conditions in Germany are described, and the obvious wish-fulfillment element in the central situation. Although most of the generalization is pretty good of its kind, the author talks too much; he could have brought out all his points by straight narrative. The minor characters, including the Gentile family which befriends the Jewish doctor, are well done; it is a bit on the melodramatic side that the storm trooper should be the son of this family.

G. S.

LIFE IS FOR THE LIVING. By Ursula Parrott. Dodd, Mead. 1939. 239 *pp.* $2.

Again Ursula Parrott proves herself a talented story-teller. This short novel covers swiftly the quarter-century between the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the present, telling the dramatic story of Baron Dmitri Rostovof, Russian army officer, exile, taxi-driver in Paris (inevitably), mechanic in New York; and the briefer history of Andrea Durane, a fabulously wealthy American girl. The two meet, fall in love, and do not live happily ever af-

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ter. Hollywood will have to do something about the ending.

Although one suspects that the author has used the tabloids and the more lurid Sunday supplements for a part of her source material, especially for the portrait of the spoiled heiress and her vulgar tantrums, "Life is for the Living" has sufficient plausibility and a brisk pace to keep the reader interested. The White Russians, honorable and charming, are probably idealized; certainly they bear little resemblance to the corrupt and childlike aristocrats in Chekhov's plays. The absence of humor is regrettable, but the absence of authorial comment is welcome: the story tells itself. There is only one passage of social criticism, which comes from Dmitri: "I've read a thousand books that have helped me to understand, a little, what happened to me as a type, what could happen to you as a type . . . The irresponsible aristocrat who refuses to be sufficiently useful to merit survival . . . my species—Russian nobility — and your species — American heirs to millions which they themselves do not earn—are pretty closely related."

R. A. C.

Miscellaneous

ANGLING IN AMERICA: ITS EARLY HISTORY AND LITERATURE. By Charles Eliot Goodspeed. Houghton Mifflin. 1939. 381 *pp., with index.* $15.

This delightful and informative book meant for the libraries of devoted anglers is, nevertheless, of public concern and interest. We do not know where more valuable material can be found as to the fishing habits of our ancestors and the occurrence in history of our native fresh water fish. There is an extensive history of early angling clubs, and a comprehensive discussion of the extensive literature on angling in American books and periodicals. On the side of the fish, one finds a comprehensive story of the unfortunate history of the Albany salmon, now confined to Maine, in which it seems to be demonstrated that none of the great rivers south of the Connecticut were salmon streams.

Although heavily documented, Mr. Goodspeed's work is interestingly human. In fact, his book should be consulted by writers on our social history, who have too much neglected the sporting habits of our ancestors. It should be said, however, that these habits, when it came to fishing, were not always sporting from the modern point of view. The members of the State on Schuylkill, for example, went after perch with a six-hook line, and were more interested in the cooking than the catching. In the early days at the Rangeley Lakes they used eighteen-foot rods, which must have made the catching of even a six-pound trout a question of heave and swing rather than play.

This is enough to indicate that this book is not only valuable as history, important for the bibliophile, but also very good reading. Mr. Goodspeed seems to have missed the trouting that took place in what is now Minetta Lane in Greenwich Village (the stream is still there, but underground), but he has missed little else.

H. S. C.

THE STRANGEST PLACES. By Leonard Q. Ross. Harcourt, Brace. 1939. 226 *pp.* $2.

The author of "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N" takes a different line in this book of fourteen casual travelogues, some of which appeared in *The New Yorker* as "Reporter at Large" features. The sketches include a night at the opera in Washington when the orchestra refused to play; a visit to three New Orleans cemeteries, and interviews with their peculiar custodians; a trip to Chinatown and the Bowery in a rubberneck bus; an experience with the great I AM cult of Los Angeles; a peek into the visitors' book in the men's waiting room of a maternity ward in a Los Angeles hospital, which turned up some remarkable sentiments in prose and verse; an evening in a taxi-dance establishment on Broadway; ditto in a Harlem dance hall; a day in Union Square; an evening at the famous Izzy Gomez saloon in San Francisco. All the pieces are well written, informative as to curiosa, and amusing if never hilarious. The book is rather miscellaneous in content, but at the same time a shade monotonous in treatment; better to read off and on than all at once.

G. S.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

In fact, a comparison of "Pygmalion" and Chapter 87 of "Peregrine Pickle" is one of those enlightening exercises that give a partial insight into the workings of genius, reminding me forcibly of a statement of John Livingston Lowes . . . "it isn't by the materials you use that your claim to originality will stand justified or condemned; it is solely by the thing you do with them."

ALICE MOSS BACKLUND.

Vassar College,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

More on Children's Books

SIR:—If the excitable gentleman from the Virgin Islands should take the time to visit a few libraries, and talk to a few children's librarians, he might be a little embarrassed by the memory of his impassioned letter in the August 12th issue of the *S.R.L.* I believe red-blooded, virile, two-fisted Mr. White would find to his surprise that the suede-gloved ladies of the A.L.A. agreed with him perfectly about the need for real, honest, well-written books for boys and girls. He would find that the young man of today might have a good deal of trouble finding a barn to sneak behind, but no trouble at all in finding "Huckleberry Finn" on the open shelves of any public library, along with "Tom Sawyer," "Penrod and Sam," and "Stalky & Co." And he would find that librarians are only too eager to buy intelligently written books that "a thinking child will read without a bribe."

Since Mr. White seems to be interested in "kids just coming out of childhood" (boy kids apparently), I should like to mention some of the titles for older boys that are recommended in A.L.A. publications, and found in every well-stocked Children's Room. The Howard Pease books of mystery and adventure at sea are im-

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mensely popular. Stephen Meader, who writes equally well of horses, lumber camps, and the sea; Glen Rounds, whose lumberjacks and gold miners are not and never were "nice little boys and girls"; Phil Stong, whose farmer boys have no sugar pap in their veins; Nordhoff & Hall, whose works could never, by any stretch of the imagination, be called pretty—you will find them all listed in "Five Years of Children's Books," Mr. White, and on library shelves from coast to coast. Among recent publications written with realism and virility are Clyde Brion Davis's "Northend Wildcats," whose boys are direct descendants of Tom Sawyer and Penrod (there are several "damns" in it too); Tunis's "The Iron Duke," a college story of distinction, "Conquerers of the River," by R. A. Summers; a grim account of the exploration of the Columbia River; and "Out of a Clear Sky," by M. P. Allen, an unprettified story of early days in the West.

So anxious are children's libraries to find stories of contemporary American life, that they buy many books with no pretensions to literary merit—school, sport, aviation, and vocational stories, of the type that appear regularly in *American Boy* and *Boy's Life* magazines. Of course, these books do not win Newbery medals, but it is because of lack of literary distinction, *not* for lack of sugar-coated moral lessons.

You won't believe it, but the sweet books, the pseudo-geographies, the books written with a purpose and disguised as fiction, make most librarians ill, too. We don't buy them for the libraries if we can help it. It's the parents and aunts and grandmothers and probably occasionally an uncle who buy them at the book stores for the kiddies, and encourage the publishers to go on putting them out.

But don't you worry, Mr. White. If you can write a book that is "well and sincerely written, . . . with a water tight plot and good, clear, and real action," the librarians will buy it with enthusiasm. It's just what we want.

MARY CUTLER,
Children's Librarian.
Lakewood, Ohio.

Not Prerequisites

SIR:—It is a healthy sign to find children's books getting their due of praise or blame from the outside world, and the letter in August 12th *Saturday Review* will be read with much interest. There is however, probably a slight misunderstanding in Mr. White's mind on two points.

"Virginibus Puerisque" in the July 8 and July 15 issues, is (if I may say so) a casual kind of list with unsigned reviews of books which have been recently published for children, and do not represent titles bought by any particular library or libraries. Also people who have to do with children's books do not expect too much of the summer's output.

As to the Newbery prize book, probably Mr. White doesn't realize that there are a few definite conditions which determine this award which the committee must abide by. However desirable these qualities, "red-blooded" and "lusty" are not prerequisites.

LESLEY NEWTON,
Chairman, Section for Library Work with Children,
American Library Association.
Lakewood, O.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 2

1. Nora, in "A Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen.
2. Sambo, in "Little Black Sambo," by Helen Bannerman.
3. Nero Wolfe, in "Fer de Lance," and other novels by Rex Stout.
4. Jane Baxter, in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington.
5. Olan, in "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck.
6. Dr. Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.
7. Bo-Bo, in "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb.
8. Gulliver, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Swift.
9. Renfield, in "Dracula," by Bram Stoker.
10. John Ridd, in "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.

PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 285

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

							1-Q	2-R	3-K	4-U		5-N	6-V	7-B	8-A	9-T
	10-F	11-X	12-M		13-O	14-G	15-T	16-J		17-A	18-H	19-F	20-T		21-B	22-Y
	23-U	24-Y	25-V	26-S	27-J	28-R	29-O		30-K	31-P	32-H	33-W	34-Q	35-X	36-C	
37-Y	38-S	39-I		40-C	41-U	42-S	43-I	44-O		45-F		46-J	47-L	48-W	49-N	
50-W	51-M	52-V	53-G	54-S	55-P	56-O		57-R	58-C	59-W	60-K	61-I	62-P	63-S	64-A	
65-B		66-C	67-K	68-L	69-X	70-E	71-F	72-A	73-W	74-Q		75-O	76-B	77-E	78-V	
79-T	80-N	81-W	82-Q		83-O	84-D	85-M		86-Q	87-J	88-I	89-T	90-X	91-Y	92-H	93-V
94-S	95-W		96-M	97-F	98-L		99-K	100-C	101-N	102-V	103-U	104-E	105-X		106-M	107-A
108-U	109-E		110-B	111-F	112-G	113-N		114-A		115-C	116-R	117-D	118-L		119-P	120-D
121-A	122-L	123-X		124-F	125-T	126-K	127-C		128-A	129-I		130-F	131-W	132-R	133-Y	
134-E	135-B	136-I		137-R	138-X	139-A	140-L	141-K	142-F		143-I	144-D		145-B	146-V	147-X
	148-P	149-L	150-U	151-D	152-N	153-M		154-O	155-L	156-N	157-Y		158-I	159-W		160-H
161-R	162-G	163-J	164-N	165-U		166-P	167-M	168-R	169-G	170-U	171-W	172-N		173-Q	174-S	175-D
176-O	177-I		178-Y	179-E	180-I		181-H	182-Y	183-F							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Helen's husband after Paris.

B. Egyptian reed wind-instrument.

C. Proximate.

D. Land into which King Arthur disappeared.

E. Monster father of monsters (Gr. myth.)

F. Treaty ending the Thirty Years' War.

G. Egg-shaped.

H. Author of "Cathleen ni Houlihan."

I. Annual congress of Welsh bards.

J. Author of "Reason the Only Oracle of Man" (1784.)

K. Took intense delight in.

L. American playwright.

M. Coffee house rival of Will's.

N. Hoosier novelist (1837-1902.)

O. English dramatist (1579-1625.)

P. First 8 lines of a sonnet.

Q. Chance variations (biol.)

R. Trespass.

S. Scotch poet and philosopher (1784-1848.)

T. Firmament.

U. Instructive.

V. Oratorio by Handel.

W. Hector's wife.

X. Anne Hathaway's birthplace.

Y. Novel by Scott.

WORDS

64 121 114 72 107 128 17 139 8

65 76 110 135 7 21 145

66 100 40 115 58 36 127

117 120 84 175 144 151

134 109 70 104 77 179

10 19 142 130 124 97 45 183 111 71

162 112 14 169 53

32 18 181 92 160

136 61 177 143 43 180 39 129 158 88

27 46 163 16 87

126 60 30 67 3 141 99

140 149 98 122 68 47 155 118

51 167 96 106 12 85 153

113 49 152 101 164 156 5 80 172

75 154 176 29 83 13 56 44

31 55 148 166 62 119

74 1 34 86 82 173

116 2 161 57 132 28 168 137

42 63 54 38 174 94 26

79 89 125 15 9 20

108 23 150 41 4 170 165 103

78 146 52 25 102 93 6

50 48 95 159 171 81 33 59 131 78

69 11 138 147 105 35 90 123

157 37 182 24 91 133 178 22

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Trade Winds

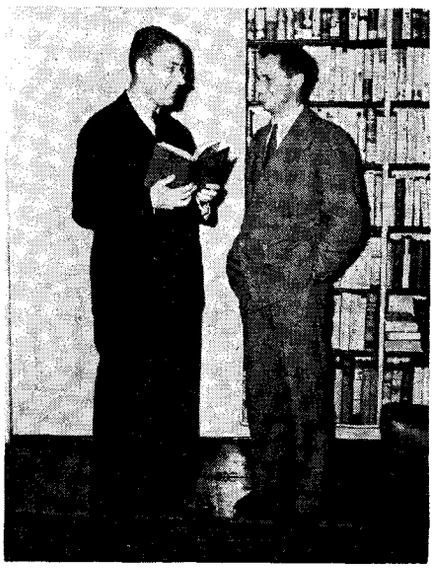
BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

MR. ROBERT T. DONLEY of Morgantown, W. Va., passes on to us an editorial from the August issue of *The Blue Anchor,* published by the California Fruit Exchange. The editorial, by Ralph H. Taylor, Executive Secretary of the Agricultural Council of California, undertakes to explode the reputation of *The Grapes of Wrath.* "John Steinbeck's lurid novel of the Dust Bowlers," writes Mr. Taylor, ". . . drips from the presses in a succession of editions which amply attests the credulity of the reading public, or at least that segment of it which spends the cocktail hour daintly [*sic*] sipping 50-cent drinks and nibbling hors d'ouvers [*sic*] while dilating on 'the terrible plight of the nation.'" ☞Max Schuster sends us news of the forthcoming *Treasury of Art Masterpieces,* edited by Thomas Craven (S. & S., Sept. 29). Among other elaborate preparations, "a staff of twenty technicians and specially qualified color photographers was assigned to take new photographs of the great masterpieces of Europe and America directly from the originals, specially for this book. . . . Despite political disturbances and changing museum conditions throughout Europe, the photographers and technicians succeeded in this work in virtually all instances. Permission was obtained to photograph the Michelangelo frescos in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican—the first time that these works have ever been photographed directly in color. In order to take these pictures from the best possible vantage point, a scaffold 55 feet high was erected in the chapel itself so that the photographers might work unimpeded from a point close to the great roof frescos."

☞Sumner Putnam, advertising manager of Farrar and Rinehart, turned his proof-reading eye upon our "Saturday Reviewers" profile of Basil Davenport and told us that we had aged him by ten years—which may by now be literally true. Mr. Davenport was graduated from Yale in 1926; not in 1916.

☞Old Q. (now on a two-weeks' vacation) suggested to Dodd, Mead that they bring out *Cape Horn,* edited by Felix Riesenberg, at the time of the equinox. Dodd, Mead's Ray Bond found out that the equinox comes on September 23 at 5:50 P.M., a Saturday evening, which leaves the idea good but impractical. Anyway, Old Q. will be back in time, and will conduct again Trade Winds in person for our special Equinox Edition (Sept. 23) and thereafter (advt.) ☞We reproduce this week an exclusive photo of Ogden Nash (left) receiving the 50,000th copy of *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* from Raymond Everitt of Little, Brown.

☞Miss Beth Menizon of Grand Rapids follows up our note on the origin



of Oz (Trade Winds, Aug. 19) with a clipping from the *Grand Rapids Press,* an interview with the original Dorothy of the Oz books—Dorothy Martindale of Macatawa Park, Mich., now Mrs. Lodowich C. Jacobs. ☞"You can get Passion Fruit Juice in Philadelphia," writes Marion West Stoer of the Doubleday, Doran Bookshop in the Broad St. Station. "I am working during the night shift here (five to midnight), and am allowed ten minutes to do my supping and quaffing. I usually go next door to Liggett's and get a Passion Fruit Squeeze. It makes a welcome interlude. I can close my eyes and pretend I am in a sarong beside a pool in Typee. The combined effect of a carbonated imagination and Passion Fruit juice is wholly satisfying: for a few minutes a weary bookshop clerk can think of herself as Fayaway."

☞Medium Q. admires Houghton Mifflin's large folio brochure, *The Taster's Cup,* containing samples of 12 books on the H. M. fall list, including Dorothy Thompson's *Let the Record Speak,* Stuart Cloete's *Watch for the Dawn,* Henry Seidel Canby's *Thoreau;* the frontispiece is a color reproduction of one of the 96 Fuertes color plates from *The Natural History of the Birds.* ☞Mrs. Opal Watkins Negus of Iowa City answers our note (Trade Winds, Aug. 19) inquiring why 8113 A.D. had been chosen as the date for opening the Oglethorpe University Crypt. "In the year 4240 B.C. the Egyptians started the calendar. This is the earliest historical date of which we have exact record. When Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe, started in 1936 planning his Crypt of Civilization 6177 years had elapsed since first Egyptian date. So he decided to extend the date for the opening of the crypt the same numbers into the future. 1936+6177=8113."

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